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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY

RUTH ASHMORE

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TO
THE AMERICAN GIRL

WHEREVER SHE MAY BE I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
I RESPECT HER INDEPENDENCE, I HONOR HER GOODNESS,
AND I LOVE HER SWEETNESS

SHE MAKES THE MOST CHARMING OF FRIENDS,
THE BEST OF WIVES, AND THE TRUEST OF MOTHERS
THESE THREE POSITIONS IN LIFE WILL,
I HOPE, REPRESENT HER FUTURE

RUTH ASHMORE



PREFACE

A SIDE talk with girls means a word here and there about things that are interesting—a little discussion of this or that which provokes a question.

Our girls are going to be the wives and mothers of the future ; they are going to make homes in which they should know how to rule royally.

Now a royal rule is one that strengthens the weak, has sympathy for the sick, knows how to be glad with the merry, and marks with the white stone of a good deed every day in the year.

You and I like to sit down before the bright fire at night and gossip about the doings of the day ; compare notes about what looked pretty in the shop windows ; agree or disagree about a book or a ribbon, think out schemes of economy, measure out the money in the purse, so that it will allow for a pleasure, and talk over those little points of

etiquette that oil the wheels of society and make them run more smoothly. And this we did.

As the circle grew there came in another and another girl; the chat increased, a question was asked, each was ready to laugh and be merry. A day came when grief reigned and you were glad for a word of sympathy — a word perhaps not voiced, but told by a grasp of the hand, and you learned through the telegraph of hearts that there was a feeling of sorrow for every tear you shed and for every moan you made. But the sorrow only made the pleasant times brighter, for, dear girls, in life, as in a picture, the dark lines are necessary to bring out and emphasize those that are light. So the side talks came about between my girls and me.

Do you care to be one in the circle? A side talk is not of necessity a talk all on one side, and what you think, what you wonder, and what your ideas are will result from the giving of mine to you.

RUTH ASHMORE.

AUGUST 30, 1895.



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THE AVERAGE GIRL

THE girl who is sitting near you or me, working with an immense amount of industry on a dainty tea-cloth, and putting a great deal of energy in the pushing in of her needle by the little gold thimble, which, she will tell you with a smile, the favored man gave her at Christmas, is the "average girl." In years she is between eighteen and twenty-four ; she is whole-hearted, happy, generous, pretty and pleasant to look upon, and very anxious to do what is right. She lives in a small country town, or maybe on a farm, and last summer you enjoyed the long golden days spent in the country with her. Now she is returning your visit, and you, being a polite woman, are making her have as good a time as possible. To-day she is with me, and she knows me well enough and likes me well enough to tell me of her ignorance

about certain things. She troubles herself about these rather more than is necessary, for good manners are the same all the world over. And while the average girl may not be fully acquainted with the minor details of social life she is gently bred and kind of heart, and it is impossible for her to make any very great mistake. On a piece of paper she has written about the little things that trouble her, and I am going, as far as I can, to explain them to her so that she may feel less ill-at-ease than she does.

ABOUT THE LUNCHEON

The other day she was invited to a luncheon by a friend of her hostess, and when the time came she had to go alone because her hostess had a severe cold. She had never seen a table as elaborately spread as the one at that luncheon, and she soon realized that she had made a mistake at the very beginning. When she went upstairs to remove her wrap she took off her bonnet also, and when she came down found that she was the only woman, except the hostess and the friends who were staying in the house, whose head was bare. Not a great error, but then the average girl likes to be correct, and with a handsome silk visiting dress proper for this two o'clock luncheon, she should have retained her bonnet and her gloves,

removing the latter as soon as she was seated at the table.

Glancing at her place she saw that the two-pronged fork was for her oysters, and realized that if she took up each fork in the order in which it was placed she would get the right one for each course.

The average girl once made a great mistake. Having been invited for half-past one o'clock she arrived at one, to find that the hostess was not dressed, and the drawing-room not lighted. One is asked at a certain time and expected to arrive not earlier than five minutes before it, or, better still, exactly on the minute. She felt embarrassed because she was introduced to nobody. Now, my dear, that you will find customary in most houses, the English idea of a "roof" introduction being deemed sufficient. Where one is an entire stranger, a thoughtful hostess will mention the names of the women between whom one sits, but generally one hears the name mentioned by acquaintances, and conversation is easy. Remember this: Never ask a servant for anything except bread; usually the French roll laid on one's napkin suffices, but if you should wish more bread it may be asked for, or a glass of water. But a second helping is an unknown quantity at a formal affair.

At home the average girl is well acquainted

with what is called "high tea" in the city, that is, the serving, about eight o'clock, of hot meats, with dishes of salads and sweets, and where all sit down—a pleasant way to entertain when the late dinner is not a custom. However, the card you have got for the afternoon tea is not of that sort. The tea card invites you to come between four and seven, and you wonder what you should do. You need write no acknowledgment of this invitation, but to be correct you will appear about half-past five, gowned in your handsomest visiting dress, the pretty black silk with its trimmings of velvet and jet, and the little bonnet in harmony with it. If, for any reason, you are unable to go, then in the morning you send by post as many of your visiting cards as there are hostesses, that is, hostesses whose names are on the invitation. These cards are inclosed in the usual card envelope, addressed to the lady of the house, and sealing-wax is omitted.

WHILE AT THE TEA

When you enter you shake hands with your hostess, and with any of the ladies receiving with her with whom you are acquainted, or to whom she introduces you. You are asked by one of the receiving party if you will not go into the tea-room, and there you enjoy a cup of tea, of bouil-

lon, a bit of delicate cake or an ice, which is the most that is ever served, even at a formal tea. Unless you should meet many friends, ten or fifteen minutes is quite long enough for you to stay. It is not necessary for you to remove your gloves, and, if you are fortunate enough to have come in a carriage, you will find it more convenient to leave your wraps there, and so be able to make your entrance at once, than if you went to the room dedicated to the caring for one's outer garments. We are all getting to be such good walkers, however, that it is the exceptional woman who, going from house to house, can make her entrance right from her carriage to the drawing-room. Cultivate, for afternoon use especially, a quantity of small talk, about the charm of the hostess, the beauty of the flowers, that blessing to all humanity—the weather, and the last entertainment counted of worth. Never mind if you do say the same thing to everybody you meet, as long as it makes you avoid personalities; there is always wisdom in saying that which makes conversation and wounds nobody's feelings.

A FASHIONABLE DINNER-PARTY

You have never been to one before, and so your cousin, with whom you are staying, suggests the proper frock. It is a light-colored silk made sim-

ply, cut out just enough at the neck, and having for sleeves enormous puffs finished by frills of chiffon that come just below the elbow. Your gloves go up under these ruffles, and are, of course, immaculate. Your hair is prettily dressed, and, following the picture fashion, you have put a white rose just at one side of it. A little heart-shaped brooch fastens your bodice at the neck, and a string of small gold beads is about your throat. You know that, even if you possess them, it would be in bad taste for an unmarried woman to wear diamonds or expensive jewels of any kind. In the dressing-room, after the maid has taken off your wrap and straightened out your skirt, you start to go downstairs, walking just behind your chaperon. The gentleman who is to take you in to dinner has been informed of this in the dressing-room by receiving a card with your name upon it, and so your thoughtful hostess presents him to you, and you have a chat of a minute or two before taking his arm and joining the formal procession to the dining-room. Your name card is at your place, and after the little flutter of getting seated you pick up and look at the bunch of violets that is before you, and, unless you are willing to risk staining your skirt with them or crushing them, you put them on the table just in front of your plate, while your escort fastens in his buttonhole the single orchid intended for him.

At the best houses what used to be known as "dinner millinery," which included strips of ribbon and jars of sweets—jars frequently of expensive china intended to be taken home—is no longer seen, for it is counted as vulgar to appear to have to bribe people to come to one's house. Chat with your neighbors on either side, giving the most attention, however, to your escort; but err on the side of shyness rather than of self-satisfaction. Many a nervous girl, bright and witty, is over-eager to be entertaining, and unconsciously raises her voice until it is heard above everybody else's, and her high, shrill, exciting laugh is a horror to the women, who blame her while they pity her. A dinner-party is a formal function, and specially demands dignity of manner. If the Continental fashion is followed, and ladies and gentlemen leave the dining-room at the same time, you go out as you came in. If the English fashion obtains, and the gentlemen remain to smoke and talk, rise when your hostess gives the signal, stand quite still until you see your chaperon, and then fall in line behind her, passing, not too quickly, the gentlemen, who are all standing up and allowing you to walk out before them. Learn to walk well and not to "trot." A dinner invitation should be acknowledged within three hours, and the changing of one's mind about it is never permitted. A witty Frenchman said, "Only death is an excuse

for not keeping a dinner engagement, and even then a polite man would send the undertaker to apologize for him."

ABOUT YOUR CALLS

I know it to be true that when you came to town you had for a visiting-card a faintly tinted stiff one, on which was written your name, "Elinor Pegram," in a fine Italian hand heavily shaded. Fortunately for you, your hostess saw this and kept you from making a *faux pas*. In the place of those rose-tinted ones, happily consigned to their proper resting-place, the wastebasket, you now have rather thin white cards, almost square, with, as you are the oldest daughter, and as your middle name is your mother's maiden one, "Miss Cholmondeley Pegram," engraved upon them. Your visiting-card represents you, and consequently it must be in good taste. This form is desirable because, seeing it, old friends who knew your mother as "pretty Elinor Cholmondeley," will recognize you as her daughter, and make an effort to show you some special courtesies. When visiting leave a card for the lady of the house and for each daughter in society. When you cannot go to a reception or a tea your cards represent you. When you do go you leave your card either with a servant who holds

out a silver salver for it, or you put it on the table prepared for cards. This is done because, seeing many people, your hostess may not remember all who were there, and the little bits of thin pasteboard tell of her visitors and warn her of those to whom she owes either a personal visit or a return card. You called one day on a friend who lives very quietly, and who opened the door for you. For her a card must be left also, and as you are a bright girl you can either do it before her, reminding her that you do not intend to let her forget that you came to see her, or you can leave it in the hall when you are alone, for your hostess does not accompany you further than the drawing-room door.

ABOUT YOUR SWEETHEART

You sat and wondered about your sweetheart. As yet your engagement is a secret. When you came to town you let him know where you were, and you expected that he would call that first night, ask specially for you, and that a *tête-à-tête* would be the result. But he is a well-bred young man who understands the rules of society, and so he did what was correct. He called about five o'clock in the afternoon, asked for your hostess, her daughter and you, and one of them went down with you to see him. When he wished to take you to

see a great actor he invited your hostess and you, and he never went to any place with you alone. There were only a few stolen moments when you could say to him just what you wished, but he was acting as society in the city demanded, and showing by his formal behavior his respect for you. When he sent you a bunch of flowers there was one for your cousin, and you were a bit foolish not to value yours as much as you would if he had not sent another. What he did was right, and he would have been counted singularly *gauche* and awkward if he had done as you wished, and so called forth criticisms in which the words "bad-mannered" would have been most conspicuous.

Do not make the very great mistake of counting elderly women as of no use socially. Of course, you are respectful to them, but you have thought that at social functions they were out of place. My dear girl, the matron is the power behind the throne. She decides whether you are desirable, whether you shall receive an invitation to the most exclusive affair and whether her daughter shall count you among her intimates. It is she to whom the young men go for introductions, and your doom is sealed if she says: "I don't think you would care for Miss Pegram, she is not a girl of good manners." With the passing of youth power comes as a recompense.

THE VALUE OF ETIQUETTE

It seems to you that there is a great deal of formality necessary even about the pleasant times. There is, and it is right that it should be so. If society permitted free and easy manners, lack of punctuality and general thoughtlessness, the whole social structure would tumble over, and, worst of all, woman would not receive the respect and consideration due her. Our little talk about ways and manners will, I hope, be some help to that dear average girl all over the country, who, being an American, has the quickness and brightness making her able to do everything just right, provided the method of doing is suggested to her. She will be, socially, a great success, if being genteel (I like that old-fashioned word) in her manners and her dress, she should be equally genteel in her speech, in her voice, and in her choice of acquaintances. If she is wise she will imitate nobody, and especially will she refrain from imitating the very loud girl who may attract attention, but for whom no gentleman ever has any serious liking.



THE SOCIAL LIFE OF A GIRL

BY this I do not mean the society girl, that is, the girl whose whole life is given up to the claims of society, but I mean the girl who, having reached a suitable age, goes to places of amusement, entertains visitors, and no matter what her occupations may be during the day, is supposed to be in the social world. She is, very many times, troubled about how she shall act, how she shall speak, and what is her duty. I think if I were asked what her duty was I should say, "To get as much pleasure out of life as is possible without hurting anybody else, or doing anything that is wrong." The laws of conventionality were made, not that people should enjoy themselves less, but to protect them more, and no young girl can break these laws and be happy, for I can never be convinced that a girl enjoys being spoken of as

“fast,” or “free and easy,” or different from the other girls.

The girl in society who is a bit shy may envy that other girl who is boisterous and rough, who laughs very loudly, who tells and listens to stories and jests that are not quite nice, and who is particularly at ease in the society of men. The shy girl may wish for her composure, but if the shy girl could look into the hearts of the men who are about this girl she would realize that she has no kingdom, and that never for a minute has she been a queen except in her own imagination. Men, when they want comrades, seek other men. What they desire in a young woman is a companion, and one who is totally different from themselves in her ideas and her manner of speech.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

You are just beginning to go out; you are twenty years old, and you would like, as is perfectly natural, not only to have the love of women, but the genuine admiration of men. The admiration of all men is not worth having. You believe that you are pleasant to look at, but when you meet strangers you are abashed, the blood rushes to your face, and you don't know what to say. Now a little bit of that is due to self-consciousness; more of it to inexperience.

When a man is presented to you you need not expect to enter into an easy conversation with him, as does the woman of forty, but you can get your thoughts away from yourself and answer him as intelligently as possible. Make up your mind to be a little slow in your speech rather than to give a foolish answer, and after you have resolved to do this you will not find it difficult to overcome that silly giggle so peculiar to young women, and which is very often the result of great nervousness and an effort to speak quickly.

Don't be too perfectly certain about things. The positive girl who, the very minute a stranger speaks to her, gives him an answer which she announces is her opinion, and which she permits no one else to doubt, is quite as undesirable as the girl who is afraid to say anything. I think you will be most successful socially if you are willing to learn, and if you never permit yourself, from false shame, to tell an untruth and say you do know of things about which you are totally ignorant. Experience has taught most social leaders that men like to give information, consequently when a stranger has been presented to you, and after the first ordinary commonplaces, asks, "Did you meet the Spanish Princess?" answer yes, or no, as the truth may be, and supplement this by another question, "Did you? And what did you think of her?"

It is not difficult in this world to attract, if one is young and pleasing to look upon.

HOW TO RETAIN FRIENDS

It may be taken as a general rule that no woman can retain her friends who cannot control her temper. What she thinks may be right, but, because it is so, no excuse can be found for her going into a long, quarrelsome argument, raising her voice, and making her hostess and all the other guests uncomfortable. Then people must know that, socially, a girl is to be relied upon; that she is not going to bring the daily worries of her life into the social atmosphere, but that she is certain to bring her mite of agreeableness to add to all the other mites until the perfection of enjoyment is achieved, and the pleasant side of everybody is seen and enjoyed. The woman who wishes to keep her friends must steer clear of vital subjects on which they may differ, religion or politics being especially undesirable for discussion.

RESPECT FOR LITTLE THINGS

Be pleasant and agreeable to all men who may be in your own social world, but give no one man the right to especially claim you until the veritable Prince Charming appears. To retain one's

friends one must also respect their social rights, and by this I mean that if their hospitality is accepted one must conform in the way of dress and manner to the standards of one's hostesses ; and that girl shows wisdom, who, invited to a very elaborate affair and feeling that she cannot afford even a simple suitable dress, refuses the invitation rather than mortify the hostess by being out of tune in the general harmony.

One has achieved a great wisdom when one has learned how to say " no " in the social world without giving offence. Personally, I do not approve of general dancing, though I see no harm, in fact a great deal of good, in the home dance, but when a girl has a conscientious feeling about dancing she is wisest if she says " no " courteously to the invitation that includes dancing. She has no right to go to a dance and to make her hostess uncomfortable by refusing to do as the others are doing, and by so airing her honest convictions that she impresses those around her with doubts of her belief. What she does not approve of she should not look at. So it should be with any games, or any affair involving late hours, or at which she would meet undesirable people. The saying " no " is right, but it must be said at the right time, that is, it must be said before the temptation arises and before you would be forced to appear as rude. You cannot accept an invita-

tion and refuse to meet your hostess's friends. Once there, you are bound to be polite to them, though afterward you need only recognize them very faintly, and gradually the recognition may die away altogether. It is always permissible to refuse to have a man presented to you if another man offers to do it, but you can never do this to your hostess. You want a form of declination for those invitations which you are sure will place you either in disagreeable positions or among people whom you do not care to meet? Well, here is one that is always courteous and which is, at the same time, truthful :

“ Miss Brown thanks Mrs. Charles Jones for her kind invitation for Wednesday evening, and regrets her inability to accept it.”

That is a note that can never be questioned, and no hostess is ever supposed to ask one one's reason for declining her invitation.

SOME LITTLE SUGGESTIONS

I realize that in many small places the custom obtains for the young girl of the house to receive visitors alone and that it is very general, but still I do not think it is right. I believe implicitly in my girl, but I want her to make a change about this. Have the parlor the prettiest and most comfortable room in the house, but don't be alone there—have

some, if not all the members of the family with you, and let whatever fun there is to the fore be enjoyed by everybody. The most popular girl I ever knew, and one who was most admired by men and women alike, told me that she never knew what it was to see visitors alone until after she was married. All the young men who were acquainted with her said they liked to visit her because they got a chance to have interesting conversation, or sing choruses, and two or three of them were quite used to helping her arrange a bit of supper for the rest. One of them said, "It is different from going to see the other girls; there you go right into the home; at another girl's house you sit in the parlor and after awhile she comes down, and the family stay away from that room as if the plague were there, and the girl acts half silly, and after a fellow goes home he thinks he has behaved like a fool." And he probably has.

If I were you I should arrange my parlor with a view of furnishing subjects for conversation. I'd have whatever illustrated magazines or papers I possessed in full view; any photographs of celebrities; the piano open and the music on it, and end by making everybody take an interest in everybody else. If you want to make the people about you, young men and young women with whom you associate, better and brighter,

you must be the master spirit that substitutes that which is interesting and innocent for that which is, possibly, customary and not quite so innocent. It is in your power to obliterate the vulgar kissing games by offering instead interesting conversation, cheerful music, and even puzzling contests for them. Society does not approve of freedom, although it may laugh at innocent frivolity.

SOME OTHER SMALL POINTS

To the girl who wants to know, and who has asked me so many times if she must look after a man's coat and hat, I again answer by saying, "No, let him care for them himself." Neither is it necessary for her to follow him into the hall, unless, indeed, she should be seeing off a party, in which are included some girl friends. The girl in society, if she is a social success, soon learns the value of politeness as regards little affairs. She learns to ignore the using the wrong spoon or fork ; I mean ignores the little mistake, and realizes that while it is desirable to fully understand all the minor points of etiquette, they do not absolutely comprise pure politeness, for this, my dear girl, must come from the heart. It is your duty, your social duty, to educate gently, and by example, the various young men who come around you, in the little ways of etiquette

which they have ignored heretofore, but which have seemed so easy to you. A clever man once said that he could always tell from a young man's manners the sort of women with whom he associated, and really I think this was one of the best tributes ever paid to the influence of woman.

I do not believe in allowing men to conclude that because you know them well and like them, they can do as they please before you. I saw one man subdue a familiarity on the part of another one evening in a way that was a delight to my soul. There had been a good bit of fun and laughter, and the young man, who was rather lively, said, taking out his cigarette case and looking inquiringly at the young man who had brought him, "I don't suppose Miss Stuart would mind our smoking." Before the embarrassed hostess could do anything more than blush, the other man said, "I have known her for five years and I have never even had the impertinence to ask her." That was a friend in need. Months afterward the young man made his apology, and said that up to that time he had gone among women whom he had treated as if they were all good comrades. Again I repeat that if one wishes a friendship to last, a woman must be a man's companion and not his comrade.

HER QUESTION AND MY ANSWER

“ But,” says my young girl, “ you talk about my being entertaining to young men, attracting them and retaining them as friends. What is their duty? And don’t you think they are being considered a little too much ? ” Well, you see, my dear, I am not talking to young men, in the first place, and then I do not think they are being catered to too much.

Society is formed by the coming together in pleasant intercourse of women and men. Its mainspring is the family. And though our girls are not sold to the highest bidder, nor are they slaves in any sense of the word, still each one realizes that she wishes to marry, because her heart is full of love, and because it is natural to give that love to her opposite. Man, it is claimed, rules all the greater affairs of life, but it has never been claimed that he ever attempted to take away from woman her social prerogative, and this means a deal more than just deciding how to amuse one’s self and how not to be bored, for it means building up a wall against wrong and showing the beauty and the sweetness of right.

My dear girl, you can do that. Society is good or bad as women make it, and about you, although you may spend your day behind the desk or be

busied in household matters, you can collect the best of society and get the greatest amount of happiness out of it. Have a little confidence in yourself; don't be afraid to think out problems for yourself, and when you have worked them out in your mind don't be afraid to put them in practice, but always with courtesy. Society cannot exist without politeness, and politeness means consideration. The American girl has shown, all the world over, her adaptability. Now let her make the best society wherever she may be. She can do it, for she does not lack brains, she does not lack consideration, but just at times she does not see the value of conventionality. I want her to think over how it protects her; I want her to be the girl in society, popular and pleasant, whose greatest charm is that while she is courteous to everybody, she is always sincere and doesn't make blunders. That is the art of social life.



GIRL LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY

YOU are one among the many thousands who write to tell me that you want to leave home and make your own living. Apparently you never stop to consider that doing your duty as a daughter is earning your own livelihood ; but being possessed of a vague spirit of unrest, you want to come to the great metropolis and enter the ranks of the workers, receiving in absolute money what is considered the value of your work. Have you ever thought out what girl life in New York is? I mean the life of the girl who has to work for the money with which she pays for her bread and butter, the clothes she wears, and whatever little pleasure she has. You have wonderful dreams of independence. You think how you will rise and rise and rise, and with the hopefulness of eighteen you see a great future before you. Suppose I tell you exactly what the life of the New York working girl is. If this will keep one girl

at home I shall feel that all my thought has not been in vain, and if one girl is convinced that, by staying at home and helping with head and heart, living out her life as it is planned for her, she is doing right, I shall feel so glad that extra thanks will go up to Him who careth for all, and before whom the rich and the poor are equal.

THE GIRL IN THE GREAT TOWN

A girl, who, one year ago, came to New York from a country town, obtained a position in one of the big shops, is well liked by her customers and the people in authority over her, works from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, with half an hour's intermission for luncheon, and earns exactly six dollars a week. She is considered extremely fortunate, for girls who are near her, and who work for the same length of time, are only earning four or five. The six dollars a week in a small town sounds like a great deal of money. In New York it barely keeps girls from starvation, or worse. I will tell you how the money goes. My friend pays four dollars a week for her board, and occupies a room with another girl; her washing costs her fifty cents a week, her car fare fifty more. and she has one dollar left, out of which to dress herself, to buy the little necessities of life and, God help her, to get her pleasures. She tells me

that so far she has had to buy no clothes, for she came here with a good stock, and that the firm at Christmas-time gave the girls their choice of a cashmere dress or money, and that she took the cashmere dress, hoping in time to save enough money to get it made. Why does she not do it herself? Do you suppose that after standing all day, working with hands, eyes, feet, and brain, she is in a condition to sew at night? Do you not know that her feet are tired, that her back aches, and that when she returns from work she is unable to do anything but rest?

WHAT HER HOME IS

You know she never calls it home; she always speaks of it as "the house where I board." And you do not wonder at this after you have seen it. She and the girl with whom she chums have a hall room on the top floor, three flights up. It is furnished with a high chest of drawers, topped by a small looking-glass; there are three chairs in various stages of decay, a medium-sized washstand and, abomination of abominations, a folding-bed. Just why there should be a folding-bed is not explained, for visitors are seldom in this room, and no man visitor, not even one's own father, would be permitted up there. The room is heated, so it is claimed, from a dark register,

but through this there comes the odor of everything that is cooking, or has ever been cooked, and the warmth is quite secondary to the various smells.

The girls, bless them, have tried to give the place a home-like air, and there are a few photographs, a book or two, a little Bible, a devotional book and some of their belongings about, but all the womanliness in the world could not make home of a place like this. The food given, oddly enough, is not bad, neither is it good. If a girl was out in the open air and was healthy and well, not knowing what the close air of a store was, she could come in, eat and enjoy her dinner, but these girls are too tired to eat. Everything seems too heavy to them, and as the boarding-house keeper takes them as boarders, and does not propose catering to their special conditions for the price they pay, they are obliged to make the best of what they have. Breakfast, at which too often liver and bacon and overdone steak appear, is not appetizing, for the cloth bears the stains of the dinner of the night before, and a fresh napkin in the morning is unknown. One or two cups of coffee are taken, and, improperly equipped, bodily, for the day's work, the girl goes out to meet it, and begins by feeling tired. The laws of the State command that there shall be seats for girls when they are not actually employed. but the near-

est approach a shopper ever sees to this is a girl leaning in a tired way against one of the shelves. Do you blame these girls for getting so tired that they lose hope? Do you blame them when, seeing so little of happiness themselves, they think God has forgotten them? You cannot, my friend, you cannot.

HER SOCIAL LIFE

My girl is a social little creature. At home the girls used to come in of an evening and talk and laugh, then some sweethearts would appear, there would be more talking and laughing, maybe a little singing, and possibly a lively game or two. What social life has my girl now? The other night some friends came to see her. They were taken into the parlor, which is a stiff, bare-looking room, with chairs and sofas arranged against the wall, and a black marble table, which looks like a bier, in the centre. Other people were there, and everybody whispered when he talked; it was not very cheerful. It failed to make a man think that a girl in that place might know how to arrange for a home, or enjoy the delights of a home nest. But what can my girl do? In time, if she has a sweetheart, he and she both get to understand that if they want to see each other they must go out to do it, and going out night after night for this purpose does not always tend to

keep a girl in the straight line. I am sorry to say this, but my own girl told me it was sadly true.

She knew, and I knew, a pretty girl, such a pretty girl, who came to New York with the country roses blooming on her cheeks and God's own sunshine making her hair lovely. She was young, healthy, and happy. She did not know how to be careful, she did not know how to just make the best of things and get along as most of the girls do, but she wanted pleasure, she wanted pretty clothes, and she loved fun. Well, she got into debt, and then the theatres saw her every night, first with one man and then with another, and then—well, she never comes in the store now ; she has plenty of fine clothes, and she told a girl she met, that she was as happy as the day was long, but somehow that girl did not believe her. She did not have to get up early in the morning any more, she was not answerable to anybody, so she said, but the girl who spoke to her went back and said to the other ones, and there was a tear in her voice : “ I could not blame her ; she was young and pretty, and she wanted happiness and pleasure. I do not know whether she has found it or not, but let's every one of us pray for help to try and drag along.”

That is what they pray for. Think of it, you happy people ! For help to try and drag along. You never prayed for that at home. Maybe you

did get tired of helping to make beds and wash dishes and fix over clothes, but there were times that were your own, when you could go into the room that was yours and think all by yourself. There is a deal in that, having a place for yourself, and my girl does not get it. She has to share her home with a friend. And no matter how near and dear anybody may be, there are always times when one wants to be alone. It is the right of every human being. But my girl cannot have it, as it costs too much.

AT THE FIRST GLANCE

When my girl first took her position, she wondered how, on the wages earned, some of the girls near her were so well dressed. After a while she discovered. They were girls who lived in New York, who were not obliged to pay their own board because they had homes, and who used their money entirely for their clothes. They took these positions because they wanted finer clothes than their parents could give them, and the proprietors of the stores were only too glad to have well-dressed girls behind their counters. In my own personal acquaintance there is one girl who dresses extremely well, and who shows that she lives well from her healthy appearance. Inquiry proved that her father is employed by the

Government, and that she spends more money than she earns for her wearing apparel. Many other girls are helped out by their friends at home, so that the girl who has to live and dress herself out of her own earnings, unless she is very careful, chances the being discharged because she does not look "as well as the other young ladies behind the counter." My girl is good at mending and freshening up, and as yet her eyes permit her to brush and clean her frocks in the evenings, but girls who have been at work many years, are, unhappily, forced either to go shabby and untidy-looking, or to mend their belongings on Sunday, because they are too tired at night. I am not writing anything that emanates from my fancy. I am stating simple facts, and I know absolutely whereof I speak.

Too often, because she is unused to thinking out money problems, my girl gets into debt. Her landlady may be kindhearted, and trust her for a week's board, or even for a little longer. She may have borrowed a little money from a girl who has saved some, and at the drug store or at the dressmaker's she may have a little account. What is she to do? Say that she pays her board promptly, she will still find herself a week or two behind. She does not make enough money to catch up, and, unfortunately, she seldom has the courage to go to her creditors and offer to pay her

account in very small sums, say fifty cents at a time. The burden of debt is about her neck ; if she is an honest girl she will do as I have suggested ; if not, she will leave the boarding-house in disgrace, go to a different neighborhood, possibly do exactly the same thing there, and as the descent is always rapid, she will in time lose all feeling of honor as far as money is concerned. True, poverty has brought her to that condition, but did she not seek that special state ?

SUPPOSE YOU ARE SICK

That you are good to each other, you working girls, when trouble comes is undeniable, but, oh, you have so little to be good with ! You cannot even give of your time, for it does not belong to you. It is possible that there is a society in your store to which each one contributes twenty-five cents a month ; then when you are sick you receive from three to five dollars, but your board goes on just the same, your wages from the store do not come, there is possibly a doctor, certainly medicine, but, if you have a long illness, the possibility that your place has been filled stares you in the face. There is no time to look after ill people in the work-a-day world. Everyone of your comrades may be sorry for you, may do her best to help you out, but they can neither re-

serve your position for you, nor convince your employers that you are a necessity.

A little while ago I was in one of the best stores in New York, when the girl who was waiting on me turned deadly white, swayed to and fro, and I thought was going to faint. One of her comrades put her arm around her, while another finished attending to me. Then I said: "I will get a glass of water for that girl, and speak to the floor-walker and ask him to allow her to go home," but her friend said to me: "Please don't, ma'am; Annie has these fainting attacks often, and we all try to help her out, but if it is once known how delicate she is she will be discharged, and she has nobody to take care of her." What could I do? I was perfectly helpless, for I could not guarantee that after I went away she might not be told that she could go, but she need not come back. So you see in considering the question of earning your living in New York, you have to think of yourself as well or sick, and you must remember what enormous chances you take.

GIRLS WHO PAINT OR TEACH

Somebody says: "You are only taking the class of girls who go into the stores." I do that because they form the greatest number, and because they are the girls who come here from the

small towns. The girl who paints, or the girl who teaches painting, has, however, by no means an easy life, that is, if she is entirely dependent on her own exertions. I do not speak of the girls who have friends to care for them, or incomes of their own. Of course, it is claimed that girls who have friends to care for them should not in any way take the bread out of the mouths of those who absolutely need it; but this state of affairs is caused almost entirely by the desire of the many girls to shirk home duties and earn money outside. The right or wrong of this must be decided by the girls themselves. I can best explain how many a girl who paints well is placed—and you must remember how many there are who only paint fairly—if I tell you the story of one.

She came to New York with the prestige of having had a picture in the Paris Salon, a few pictures already done, and about one hundred dollars in money. She was used to economizing, and expected to do it. She took a studio, for which she had to pay thirty dollars a month, and by spreading about her little belongings she made it look pretty. What seemed like a lounge was really her bed, and she did her cooking on a little gas-stove. She exhibited a picture at the Academy, but it was not sold. She painted away day in and day out, and principally because she had no social connections there was no sale for her work. Then

she took to doing dinner cards. They were marvellously artistic, but because of the time devoted to each she had to ask a higher price than people were willing to pay. She worked along with a brave heart, and one day sold a picture for seventy-five dollars ; that seventy-five dollars was mortgaged to the extent of fifty, but she paid her debts and started to work again. A woman friend sat for her and the picture was sold, because this special woman was the model. A little cooking was done on the gas-stove, but the body was not well cared for, and after three years of struggling, after three years of trying to sell pictures, souvenirs, dinner cards, or anything that the public seemed to demand, she broke down, and casting paint-brushes to the wind, married. With what result ? Broken in spirit, weak and impoverished in body, she was only able to live long enough to bring into the world a sad-eyed little baby, to kiss it once, to turn her face to the wall, and to close her eyes to this world forever.

WHAT DO I MEAN ?

That is what you are asking, and this is what I have to say. I have no desire to seem to wish to crush a laudable ambition in any girl, but I do most earnestly pray that my girls all over the country will think over this picture of girl life in

New York City—the great city of which you read and hear so much—realize its sorrows, its worries, and the small, almost infinitesimal amount of enjoyment in it, and then think of their lives at home. “Helping mother” may grow tiresome, but if you are sick you will be cared for, if you are tired you may rest, and nobody like your own home people will find so much delight in seeing you have a happy time. In your home you are earning your own living when you lend a helping hand, are cheerful and bright, and do your best to make others happy. You are earning the best sort of a living, for you are making life seem worth while ; you are training yourself for home life, and that is the best that can come to you. Unfortunately, there are thousands of girls who have to work outside their homes ; give them your sympathy and your greatest pity, but get down on your knees and thank the good God, who made you, for the privilege of working at home, and of being out of the great world where there is no time for anything but work, where the sick and the helpless fall by the wayside unnoticed.



THE COUNTRY GIRL

THE country girl, by whom I mean the girl who lives outside of the large cities, has always been very dear to me, because it has not been so very many years since I knew what life in a small town meant, and when, although I was only six miles from a large city, I delighted in calling myself "a country girl." Nowadays the country girl seems to have an idea that in some way her city cousin is superior to her. But my experience among both city and country girls has taught me that the country girl has untold advantages. In the first place she has more time, her life is not so complex, and she has the leisure, I am judging from her letters, to educate her mind, strengthen her body, and keep herself delightfully feminine.

When the city cousin comes to seek green fields and pastures new, she is, I am afraid, inclined to be a little arrogant; not intentionally, but be-

cause her life in the city has made her feel that she knows all that is worth knowing, and it seems to her that the social laws of her small circle govern the world. Right is right everywhere and at all times, but what would be counted a breach of etiquette in the city may be nothing but a neighborly kindness in the country, and no thought of wrong is given to it until the city girl suggests it. Long ago she was told that it was not correct for her to go driving with a young man alone; her cousin in the country feels very grateful when a neighbor who is going to the nearest town, stops and takes her in his buggy, and gives her time to do her shopping at the country store, and then brings her back home; there is not a thought of anything wrong about this, and Chevalier Bayard could not be more courteous than is her neighbor. I think the city girl very often forgets that the country is not environed by an iron railing with a plot of grass behind it and a back yard. Lilies grow in country gardens, and country girls are very often as ignorant of evil as the lilies themselves.

TO IMPROVE HERSELF

A question that is continually asked by the girl who is far off from the picture galleries, the libraries, and the great centres of civilization is, how she shall improve her mind. She does not wish

to be ignorant of what is going on in the world, and yet perhaps she meets no one who has absolutely come in contact with the busy world itself. Now, the best thing for her to do is to see the world as in a looking-glass, that is, to read good newspapers, as many of the magazines as possible, and, best of all, to discuss with someone else the questions of the day; it may be with her father, her brother, or her mother. She can keep herself well informed in this way, I am positively certain; many a country girl does, I am equally certain. Then, too, whenever there is an opportunity it will be wise for her to blot out the petty gossip that exists in her own particular set, and gently, but easily, interest her companions in events and things in the outside world rather than the affairs of the neighborhood. The country girl who will think out, as she works away at her daily tasks, that which is of interest to the whole world, is armed to go anywhere and to meet anybody, for she is feeding her mind with a diet that will strengthen and widen it. Don't, my dear girl, as I said before, let yourself drift into the personalities of the neighborhood, for as sure as you do you will become quite as narrow as the city cousin, who thinks that what we do in "our set" is as important as the actions of Mr. Gladstone.

ABOUT HER OPINIONS

The country girl is very apt to be decided in her views: she has had time to think them over and to form them, and she has, as the darkies down South say, "made up her mind." But she must not force her opinions on other people. That is to say, because she believes one thing she must not conclude that every one who differs with her is wrong. She may refuse to do what she does not think right, but she has no right to do it in such a manner that she is a wet blanket upon everybody else. What is one man's meat is distinctly another man's poison, and difference in education, in surroundings, and in habits, may make what is wrong to her right to somebody else. While she would be horrified at her city cousin dancing a Virginia reel, her city cousin would be amazed at seeing her play a kissing game at a church picnic. This is just one comparison, but it gives an idea of what I mean.

ABOUT HER CLOTHES

That country girl is wise who, remembering that the blue of the skies and the green of the trees form her background, elects that during the summer she shall wear pretty cottons daintily made,

and wide-brimmed, somewhat fantastic straw hats. She would be entirely out of place in stuffy woollens or elaborate silks, and yet each one of you knows that this mistake is sometimes made. For the morning she can have the simplest gingham or lawns, and for the evening a somewhat more elaborate, but still a cotton, costume. She is unwise in imitating her city cousin, who nine times out of ten looks over-dressed when she is in the country. I wish I could make the country girl understand exactly the charm, the restful charm that there is in her simplicity, and I wish I could make her content. I know it is in the heart of every girl to long for pretty gowns, and a much betrimmed silk frock may look very charming to the girl who has not one, while to the unprejudiced observer it seems absolutely out of place.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT

When the city cousin comes, and the girls who are to have tea with you are all together, don't ask questions about the silly habits of the town, and above all things, if you hear of some silly habit affected by a so-called fashionable woman, don't attempt to imitate her in her folly. Induce your city cousin to tell you about the things worth seeing and hearing about : of the great paintings, of the wonderful naval show, and how our Amer-

ican ships contrasted with those of other nations, of the flower-market, and how it interests city women, while you country girls have so many flowers you scarcely seem to set any value on them. But do not ask about little vices, and do not believe that well-bred women in the cities do many of the ill-bred things that are described--that they smoke cigarettes, that their gowns are cut immodestly, that they are slaves to drink or opium, that they are offensively free in their language--there may be such women, such women are everywhere. But, my dear child, a gentlewoman is always the same, be she in the city or the country, and she is not addicted to anything that takes away from her womanliness. Talk about frocks if you like, there is no harm in that ; hear pretty ones described, they are a pleasure and a delight to the eyes ; but if you feel the little demon of envy biting at your heartstrings, change the subject right away. You think the city girl, as she talks about amusements and admirers, must have a very good time in life. It is not as good as yours, for she does not have plenty of fresh air, she does not know the joys of the singing birds, she cannot tell the flower or the bloom of the tree that announces the coming of spring, and her world is, curiously enough, a much smaller one than yours.

ABOUT HER SWEETHEART

Of course you believe in him. But still you have quite a funny little heartbeat when you see his eyes open wide with admiration as he looks at your city cousin, who, in a ribbon-trimmed gown of summer silk, seems like a Dresden statuette. It is useless to say you are foolish. But you are. If he is worth anything, if he is worth the having, he will never give you up for the city cousin, and any courtesy he may show her will probably be not only because she interests him, but especially because he loves you. Sweethearts, my dear, are much truer than we give them credit for, and if you want to keep yours believe in him, and that belief will make belief. If his so-called love has only been the fancy of a moment, then be thankful that by the appearance of the city cousin you discovered in time that what you thought was pure gold was not even silver gilt.

Some country girls tell me of little liberties they allow their sweethearts, and which can really not be called wrong, but I wish I could make them understand how much more what a man cannot get, is to him, than what is given to him as if it were of no worth. No, my dear country girl, I do not think you ought to let your sweetheart kiss you whenever he wishes. A kiss from you should mean

so much that it should be an event, and then he will be certain that nobody else is getting your treasures, and that you are hoarding great expressions of affection for the time when you shall be his very own. The city girl, in keeping her sweetheart at a little distance is very wise, and the country girl should be equally wise. I do not mean there should be no love-making—I like that old-fashioned word—but I do believe that a little too much freedom is a speck on the perfect fruit of love, and it is one which it is in the power of the girl to prevent.

WHEN SHE GOES TO TOWN

The country girl away from home is a bit troubled. She doubts her gowns, she doubts whether she knows the ways and manners of the people, and she is apt to be unhappy. She asked me the other day if a book of etiquette would help her. I say to her, “No.” The great book of etiquette is the world, and it is read, like the smaller book, with the eyes. Having been properly trained you are not likely to make any great mistakes, and the smaller customs that differ in every town are easily acquired by watching what other people do and imitating them, only do not imitate the wrong people. If you are in a hotel, and the woman opposite you uses a toothpick and walks

out of the room with one in her mouth, don't follow her example. If the man next to you piles his fork with vegetables by means of his knife, as if he were loading a coal wagon, don't follow his example, and if somebody else near you tucks in her napkin like a bib, do not think that well-bred people do such things. If a dish that you have never eaten is put before you, chat pleasantly with your neighbor until you see how she eats it. If, very properly, you do not care for wine, and are at a table where wine is served, simply signify in some unobtrusive manner to the waiter that you do not wish any. Don't be afraid of yourself in conversation. That is to say, the chances are you can talk as well as any girl in the room, but if you begin to stammer and get nervous you will never be able to say anything, and you will be credited with knowing nothing.

ABOUT THE MEN SHE MEETS

Because a man lives in the city, which is his misfortune and not his fault, it must not be supposed that he is a black sheep roaming round seeking whom he may devour. Though, by the by, from what I have seen of sheep they devour in a very quiet and polite fashion. Men are better than they are credited with being, and one seldom says or does anything to an innocent girl that is

not quite right. Of course there are ill-mannered men, just as there are vulgar women. The country girl who is visiting in town must use that fine wand of self-protection to discover the one from the other. Gentlemen are never over-dressed, are never boisterous, and are never effusive. It is best, if possible, to avoid making enemies, and so the country girl must use a little tact.

I do not think the country girl needs to be told, she must never accept an invitation from a man who is not a relation to go with him alone to any place. If he wishes to do her any honor he will make up a party, properly chaperoned, and then she can have a thoroughly good time. The country girl looks at me and wonders if I think she would do anything wrong. I do not. I not only believe in her, but I believe in the American man, yet in most large cities there are certain social laws that must be observed, and the protection of a young girl by an older woman is one of the most important. It is true that the girl's mother may have gone to a concert, to drive, or to supper with a young man, that all her friends did it, and that in those days it was considered quite proper. But we have grown older as a people, and we have got that wisdom which teaches us that to keep our young girls perfectly protected is the greatest of all. I know that a girl who desires to do wrong can do so whenever she wishes ; she can say the im-

proper word, or she can act improperly when she knows her chaperon is not looking. But I am thankful that among American girls this type is unusual, and that most of them are glad to have with them an older woman, who suggests the pleasantest ways out of difficulties, and who places near to each other the people she thinks are attracted the one to the other.

TO MY COUNTRY GIRLS

When my country girls are reading this I shall be off where the grass is green, where the sweetest flowers in the world bloom, and where a lazy river runs beside a very old-fashioned town, and there I will meet the girl I am very fond of—the country girl. And we will gossip in good faith about books and pictures, and she will tell me lovely stories about the flowers and the woods, and she will take me to drive just before the sun sets, and we will stop at a farmhouse and get a drink of milk, and then when I get back home I shall feel so delightfully tired. The river will sing me to sleep, and after I have said my prayers, and asked a blessing upon all my girls, I will unconsciously add to the fervent “Amen,” “God made the country and man made the town.”



HER LETTER AND MY ANSWER

THIS is her letter :

“ It has become necessary for me to earn my own living. I have been delicately reared and well educated, but I am not very strong physically. People say I am pretty. From my earliest childhood I have had a great desire to go on the stage. I think of making it my life work. What would you advise me to do ? ”

My answer is this : Take up any honest employment in preference to becoming an actress. You come from the South, where women are tenderly brought up, where great care is taken of their surroundings, of the mode of speech used to them, and where consideration is the keynote of a man's attitude to women. You are imaginative and ambitious, you believe in yourself, and although you have in a vague way a slight idea of the temptations of the stage, you think you are strong enough to withstand them. Suppose you did ; suppose you were as pure as snow, you would not

escape calumny. Do you think that your work would be sufficient reward for the innuendoes, the shrugs, and, in many instances, the outspoken words of contempt? I am going to speak to you very plainly. I am going to tell you what I know to be true, because I have many friends on the stage, and yet among them there is not one who, when I have put the question: "If you had your life to go over would you go on the stage?" has not answered, "No; most positively no."

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS

What is the life of an actress? Unlike other women she has no home, for in this great country there are not more than five or six stock companies, and naturally the number of actors in them is limited. A woman wants the protective influence, the regular living, and the deferences paid to moral laws only possible in an established place of living. To-day you are in the North, next week in the South, the week after in the West, and you never have the time to make for yourself an abiding place, to surround yourself with friends, or to think about the advisability of living regularly. You arrive in a strange town at three o'clock in the morning; the advance agent has not notified you about the hotels, and it is possible that if you wish to go to a respectable

one you have to pay more than you can afford, because you cannot take any chances at that time in the morning. In a large city there may be a hotel carriage, or a cab at the station ; in a small one you may look about in vain for any such accommodation. You have no maid ; shall you go hunting for a hotel in a strange place by yourself ?

Some man in the company, who sees your plight, kindly takes your bag, goes to the hotel with you, and speaks to the clerk about your room. As you say good-night you thank him, oh ! so heartily, and as you lay your head on your pillow you think to yourself how untrue it is that actors are not gentlemen. The days go on, the kindness continues, for it is meant as kindness ; you know, poor little soul, that you are going to be looked after, and after awhile, quite unconsciously, you rely on this care. Very soon you and he are calling each other by your first names, then one night when you go back to the hotel, tired and hungry, your escort suggests that he buy some supper, bring it to your room, and you have it together. You are very particular to keep your door open, and it is all proper. But just stop and think, my dear girl ; the end is always disastrous, it is the first little step that counts. What is the end of it ? Think it out for yourself.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE FOOT-LIGHTS

You think it will not be different from any other, but it will, and it is. It seems to cause the growth of envy, and a good deal of uncharitableness. Your friend of yesterday, to whom you wondered how you would get along, is your enemy of to-day. Why? Because you had a round of applause, and a line of approbation in the morning paper. The stage director orders you at a certain time to take the centre of the stage, the leading man is indignant at your being pushed forward; he revenges himself at night by moving his face in such a way, "mugging" is the stage slang, that the audience is attracted to him, and from you. The next day he is reprimanded before the whole company, and the result of it all is that you have made a bitter enemy, innocently enough, and one who does not speak to you the entire season, but who is only too ready to speak against you. You think men do not do this off the stage? My dear, they do it on. This is not the worst. When two or three or four or five members of the theatrical profession meet, what do they talk about? Great plays? Great actors? Or the value of study? Oh! no. The successes and failures and follies of each other. What you hear will shock you

at first, though you get to think nothing after awhile of the absolute lack of reverence shown for anything that is good. The woman who tries to lead a good life is laughed at. I do not mean by this that there are not good women on the stage, but I do know that in almost every case their goodness, instead of being a subject for praise, is treated not only by the stage people, but by the newspapers, half scornfully.

THE WAYS AND MANNERS

You do not expect to find stage-hands with the manners and courtesy of properly trained servants, but do you expect to find the greatest familiarity existing and also to hear some profane language? "To swear like a stage carpenter" is an ordinary comparison. What effect is it going to have on you in time? It is possible you may not grow equally profane, but you will become so accustomed to it that it will no longer offend you. Long, tiresome rides, with little or no food, lunch of the kind furnished at a railroad station, making it easy for you to learn to take a little something to strengthen you, and after you have been assured again and again that there is no harm and a great amount of consolation in a cigarette, you try one. Who can blame you? Not I for what you do, but I am telling you this

to keep you from putting yourself in a position where such temptations may come to you. Let me tell you what a manager said to me the other day. He was talking of one woman who had been in his company, and who had been discharged. On my asking him the reason, he said: "Her great charm was her womanliness. She called it personal magnetism; but it was because she was such a real woman that she held an audience. Now, after two seasons on the road, she may be a better actress, but she is not as attractive, she has become like all the rest of them, and her charm is gone." Was it her fault? I cannot say. I only know if she had been living out a more protected life she would have remained her own sweet self much longer.

THE QUESTION OF WAGES

But you claim that women make more money on the stage. Do they? Have you ever counted it up? Have you ever thought out the number of rich actresses? The salary offered seems large to you; there are few professions in which you would get, as a beginner, twenty-five, thirty-five, or possibly fifty dollars a week. But in what other profession is the outlay so great? Few companies are on the road more than nine months during the year, many of them not that long. So even if you are re-engaged there are three months

when you earn nothing at all. Then during the long, busy days of the rehearsal you receive no salary. During that time your clothes have to be got, and unless you have been provident and have saved some money, you are obliged to go in debt for them, and this means paying more for them than you would if you could give ready money.

It is necessary for you when travelling to go to a respectable hotel, and these are seldom cheap ; of course, in some of the large cities you may find some less expensive place, but when you are only going to be in a town for a few days, you have not the time to hunt up a boarding-house. You are obliged to look well, and the wear and tear on your clothes is very hard. It is possible that one of your stage costumes is an elaborate evening dress—the average dressing-room is a dirty, uncarpeted place, that in your own home you would not offer to the lowest servant. From the dressing-room to the stage the walk is rough and dusty, and the stage itself is too often covered by a carpet, when it has one at all, that is heavy with dust. The expensive gown is soon soiled, a new one has to be had, and even though you do have your gowns cleaned, this process is expensive. When the outlay is considered, I do not think the average actress—the average one, remember—earns much more money than the girl who stands behind the counter in a good shop.

HOPES OF THE GIRL IN FRONT

You have an idea that as travelling improves most people, the going through the country will do the same for you. How many actresses know anything about the places where they have been? Thoroughly tired out after the night's performance they sleep until late the next day, and then, if there is not a rehearsal, seem to find more pleasure in staying in their rooms, reading novels or playing cards until it is time to go to the theatre again. Too often all they know about a place is the distance from the station to the hotel and from the hotel to the theatre itself. I am not stating this as a surmise; I absolutely know it to be true. The life inclines one to indolence, and the thought of going out to take a walk or to see the places of interest never seems to enter the head of the average actress. You think she talks well and is versatile. She talks easily—her profession has given her control of words; it is to her advantage to be able to sing a little, play a little, and dance well, but most of her accomplishments are superficial. She has neither the time nor the inclination to take up any studies, or to think out questions that are not of immediate use to her.

You had hoped by going to that well of Eng-

lish undefiled, the works of Shakespeare, to improve yourself so much mentally, that you would stand out as an intellectual woman as well as an actress. My dear child, the average actress in reading Shakespeare looks for the "business" that it will give and does not trouble herself about the meaning of the words, or the subtlety of the character as painted by the great writer. After you have been laughed at, you will, in a little while, get to be like the rest of them, for, as on the stage you imitate somebody else, so off it you will unconsciously exercise your mimetic power.

THE ACTRESS AND THE WOMAN

You think I am severe. You think that you can live your own life as you wish it without giving a thought to the people about you. My child, this is impossible. Unconsciously, we are impressed by our environment, and people with whom we are thrown in contact, day by day, are each doing something for or against us. They may never know it. I do not like to think any human being would wilfully set a bad example, and yet the mere lives of some people make the difference between good and evil seem less. You imagine you can keep to yourself. You might if you were the star of the company, but as you are not, as you dress in the room with someone else,

you are forced, if only for your own comfort, to be civil to all those around you. And civility and familiarity are almost synonymous back of the foot-lights. A very curious habit increases this familiarity—somebody wants a little rouge, somebody wants a little powder; “would you mind lending a pair of stockings to somebody else?” At first you resent this lack of recognition as to mine and thine, but after awhile you grow to be like your comrades.

At first—and now I am going to say something that because I am a woman I can say—at first, you bit your lip and blushed at the freedom with which words were used—words that you had never heard before; you lost your opportunity to stop such conversation when it began, and you will be surprised to discover, later on, how first you listen and then indulge in it yourself. I do not know why it is that back of the painted curtain there seems to crop up, like weeds, most of the small vices. You cannot get out of it by isolating yourself. I will prove this by telling you something.

FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

A woman, a young woman and a pretty woman, who has managed to keep herself free from reproach, and who is a well-known actress, never mingles with the company. Between the acts she

sits in her room, and after she is dressed, usually reads. When she is waiting for her cue, her maid stands beside her, and she speaks to her in French. Not one of her fellow-actors ever comes near her. She bows when she meets them, and does her own work regularly and religiously. She never says one word against the people ; she simply never discusses them ; and the consequence is, she is one of the most thoroughly disliked women in the profession by the profession. They do not forgive her her success, and they are ready, only too ready, to find fault with her. She has told me that she knows she is credited with being disagreeable and haughty, and she adds : “ I prefer they should think that, to being very popular and being forced to be one of them.” Her safeguard consists in being disliked. Do you think that is pleasant? Do you think that any woman with a heart likes to know that the men and women around her do not forgive her her successes, that they begrudge her her happinesses and are glad if she has sorrows? I cannot explain this to you. I can only say that I know it to be true, and that this dislike sometimes takes the form of acts as well as of words.

You give a shrug of your pretty shoulders, and doubt this. But you have not as yet lived on the other side of the foot-lights, and so I will tell you what I saw myself. I went one afternoon to visit a young girl in her dressing-room ; there was great

excitement all around. Since the night before someone had entered the dressing-room of another actress, had taken the scissors and maliciously slit up in strips the dress which she wore in the play. There was not time to get another one. It was a peculiar dress, and so she had to be out of the bill for the afternoon. I asked if they did not think a crazy person had done it, and I was told confidentially that it was undoubtedly a member of the company, a girl who was the rival in singing and dancing of my friend. It was hard to believe this, but I was assured it was true. It is possible that you think I am severe, my dear girl, but I want you to see the other side and to realize that the applause, the gayety, the brightness belong to the audience, and that there is very little of it behind the curtain. Among my own friends I number women who are on the stage, good women, honest women, and true women, but not one of them wishes a sister or a daughter of hers to follow in her footsteps.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

Although you do need to earn your own living, you think that some day Prince Charming will appear and make you his wife. Suppose he happens to be an actor, suppose you are true to each other, what kind of a life will you have? You will not

in reality be a helpmate and companion to the man you love, you will only bear his name. And he? Is it surprising when you two are so far apart that he should not always make you first in his thoughts? He will be away from you many months in the year. Few managers care to employ husband and wife, so if you remain on the stage you may be in one part of the country while your husband is in another, and when the vacation time comes, you just "stay some place" until the season begins again. When you were created it was intended that you should lead the the life of a woman, and living the life of a woman means having a home of your own, and making out of your life a sweet fragrance that will rise and be accepted as tribute by Him who created you. It will not be easy to do this if you lead the wandering life that the stage demands, and the very fact of your being young and pretty will tend to lessen your chance rather than to increase it. My dear, I beg of you to select any work rather than that which the stage offers you. The player's life is not calculated to bring out the virtues of a woman.



QUIET WALKS FOR GIRLS

SOMEONE asked, not very long ago, why women went out into the world to work ; whether it was for love of money or for love of work ; whether it was to get away from home, or whether it was with the desire to become famous. I think oftenest—and I am forced to think this from innumerable letters I receive from my girls—that the girl who goes out into the workaday world to earn her own bread and butter does it because of the necessity. But when the question of making one's own living stares one in the face, and what one must do to gain this livelihood has to be decided upon, nothing is more common than to see the quickness with which girls choose the paths in life which are already overcrowded.

They think they would like to make their living by writing. They have read about some woman who has made money and fame by her pen. They hear of her to-day ; what about the ten long years

when she worked, unknown, to make this reputation? They hear of a woman painter who got a big check for her picture. They think they have talent of the same sort. There are millions of women who have thought the same, but who to-day are decorating cups and saucers that do not sell. Won't my girls have the moral courage to try and earn the bread and butter in one of the quiet walks of life? What are the quiet paths of life? Well, here is one :

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS

You may be only seventeen years old when it becomes necessary for you to take care of yourself; you know nothing of Greek or Latin, and you could not train a young girl for college, but you have the three R's at your finger-tips, you are good-tempered, and you have accumulated a store of patience. Now try for the position of nursery governess. In a big city I'll tell you what that means. At nine o'clock in the morning you enter the nursery where your small pupils are, ranging in years from three to seven; probably there are three of them. There is a pleasant "How-do-you-do," because, first of all, you must make them like you. And then the so-called lessons begin. The seven-year-old, having mastered her letters and knowing how to read in single- and

possibly double-syllabled words, reads a story that interests the other two, or at least one of them, while the baby starts in to build a house of alphabet blocks with the letter "A" on top. Then for the seven-year-old you set a copy on the slate—preferably her name; and the five-year-old, to whom you should devote your closest attention, you teach how to spell words from a picture-book.

Before you know it will be eleven o'clock, and the nurse will be ready to go out with you. She puts on the little people's wraps and gloves and hats, and you, as superior, oversee this. Then, once in the open square, you teach the children to walk properly, and to speak politely to any acquaintance whom they may meet, and at the end of the exercise hour you may let them have a run that will not be too boisterous. At home again a little after twelve, preparations are made for the midday dinner. Then you must watch. Baby must be taught that it isn't right to swallow things whole; the five-year-old must be educated not to pile his fork with vegetables, and the seven-year-old must be shown how to help herself to the dish that is passed to her without dropping its contents on the table-cloth or the carpet. After a little time the girl is given a thimble and you teach her how to sew, while the boys are busy with whatever will occupy them quietly. At half-past two you

go home, and if you are as willing and as eager to succeed as one little woman I know, when the half-hour strikes you will have your pupils hanging to your skirts, expressing their regret at your departure, and wishing that you might live with them "forever and forever."

The average nursery governess is paid thirty dollars a month, and, of course, she has her dinner. Sometimes several families will unite, make a little group of six or eight children, who will all be taught at the house of whoever has the largest nursery. But when that is the case the governess's hours last from nine to one, she is paid more, and she does not dine with her pupils. There is no publicity about this position, a college certificate is not required, it is one that no gentlewoman need scorn, and yet it is said to be very difficult to find a good nursery governess.

ANOTHER NEGLECTED OCCUPATION

It is that of maid. I can see the scoffing air with which this is received, and yet a good maid not only gets good wages, but she has slight expenditure. Her living is paid for, and usually she eats by herself. She is very apt to have the gowns, the black ones, which it is most proper for her to assume, given to her on special occasions. And if she knows anything about her work she can

command twenty-five dollars a month. It is expected of her that she should be neat, know how to take care of clothes, be responsible for her mistress's jewelry, be able to brush hair and do ordinary mending. If she is ambitious and will learn to dress hair, teach herself how to make-over dresses, and proves able to take care of her mistress when she is ill, she can earn fifty dollars a month. No education except that of the heart and that of the hands, which every woman, even if she doesn't know how to read nor write, is supposed to have, is required for the position of maid. I have known good maids who were never made to feel for one minute that it was a question of mistress and maid, and who gained this confidence and love by good work and consideration. Personally I would much rather be maid to a lady than stand behind a shop counter. I know that many of my girls will disagree with me, but I can assure them that the life is much easier.

THE PLEASING COMPANION

I know you from your letter. You think you could play *Lady Macbeth*, and yet you have come down to giving lessons in elocution, and the average of teachers to pupils in this line, as quoted lately, is ten to one. There are a great many women whose eyes being a bit weak like to be read

to. Why don't you drop elocution and start in as a reader to one of these women? You can charge from fifty cents to a dollar an hour, and your work will consist of picking out from the morning paper what will be interesting to your employer. Then you can answer her notes. This is neither hard nor unpleasant work. To be able to take the mail, select from it the letters that are purely personal, or which are from members of the family, and those that are social or business notes, to open and read the latter, and answer them in accordance with the wishes expressed, answer them in proper language and in a good, clear hand, will add to your value as a reader. And if the lady for whom you are working should be of sufficient importance socially to require an elaborate visiting book, and you can learn how to keep that in order, you will add just that much more to your value.

BY WORK OF THE NEEDLE

Some time ago I wrote of the money that might be made by a young woman who was a good mender; since then there have been a number of menders who advertised and readily found work. But they made a great mistake; they overcharged. Asking one dollar an hour for their work, and in that hour mending one pair of stockings, was an evidence of very bad business tact. If the stock-

ings happened to be lace or silk ones it might be worth while, but the general stocking doesn't cost over a dollar a pair, and it is really cheaper to buy new ones than be bothered by a strange woman coming in to mend the old ones. To the woman who can mend, but who cannot remake, I would suggest that a dollar a day and her board is quite enough for her ; and when I say her board, I mean two meals, her breakfast and the midday one. She should learn as rapidly as possible where the family for whom she works keeps the undarned stockings, the torn skirts, the worn linen, and the shoes without buttons. And she should induce her employer to purchase and keep for her a mending-basket, in which to keep the different threads, the buttons and the tapes, the hooks and eyes, and different-sized needles, so that when it is desired the implement is to hand. Once she has the reputation of being a good mender, and an honest one, her services will be called for once a week in different families, and if she is agreeable—and unless she is no woman will succeed in any business—her patrons will soon become her friends, eager and anxious to advance her interests. In Paris, the city of great luxury and great economy, your laundress can always recommend a mender to you, so that the forlorn bachelor is cared for, and though he may never see the woman who looks after his belongings, still he gladly pays the laundress for

her work, and the laundress, as she pays her, either deducts a small percentage, or they work in good-fellowship.

SOME OTHER WORKERS

In the large cities the young woman who knows how to manicure has discovered that she can make more money and be more independent by going to her customers at their houses. She carries in her little bag all her implements, and if her services are rendered regularly she will be required from half an hour to an hour. For this she is paid fifty cents, and as her time is usually taken up from nine in the morning until six in the evening, it is easy to understand that she can make a nice little income, especially as if when she is kept after six she charges, properly enough, one dollar.

The visiting hair-dresser is equally fortunate. She comes to do your hair every day at the hour which is most convenient ; it is not expected that she arranges it in an extremely elaborate way, but she brushes it well, shampoos it once a month, curls the front, and arranges the back as you like it. For this she is paid fifty cents or two dollars and a half a week. She can get through with almost any head in half an hour provided she is not detained, and if her services are needed for the evening, and an elaborate coiffure is de-

manded, she charges a dollar extra. During the gay season the extras are many, and as at all times women like to have their hair look well, most of them are quite willing to pay the price that she asks. Of course, in the case of the manicure and the hair-dresser the first struggle is to get the customers ; after that to keep them. This is done by having an agreeable manner, but one that is not familiar. You must remember that you are not paying social visits, but those of business. Then you must be prompt and be neat. The best hair-dresser I ever knew lost most of her customers because she was slovenly in appearance ; and another one who had every qualification necessary to make a success in her special business was equally unfortunate because she was never on time.

STILL ANOTHER WORK

I have spoken of Paris as the city of the greatest luxury and the greatest economy. There is a work there which has been usurped by men, and yet which should belong to women. It is that of the professional packer. Do you know how to pack a trunk well ? And if you don't, how many people do you know who do ? And wouldn't you gladly give a dollar for a large, and fifty cents for a small trunk to be properly packed ? The packer comes with dozens of sheets of tissue-

paper and several pieces of tape. You can sit where your belongings are, and as skirts and bodices are taken down say which you want. Then the bodices have their sleeves stuffed with paper to keep them in shape, the trimmings carefully covered with it ; the skirts are properly folded ; the bonnets and hats have tapes pinned to them, and these same tapes are tacked to the sides of the hat-box, so that no matter how much the trunk may be shaken not a feather nor a rose moves out of its place. Then when everything is done, there is laid on the top of the last tray a list of the things that are in the trunk, so that you don't lose your temper searching for the pink bodice which isn't there, or the tan-colored shoes which you expressly requested should be left at home. I do not suppose there is sufficient business in the ordinary town for a packer all the year round, but I am quite certain that once it were known that you could pack well, when the going-away time came your services would be in great demand and you would seldom be out of work.

WHAT I MEAN

My dear girl, it is just possible that you are very foolish ; that you scoff at the honest ways of earning a living about which I have spoken. Work is never dishonorable. The manner in which it

is done is all that can make it so. The position you occupy is gauged entirely by the worth of your work. A thorough mender is a thousand times better than a careless dressmaker. You would be horrified if I called you dishonest, and yet when you force your friends to buy one of your badly painted pictures, when you annoy editors with worthless stories, and when mediocrity stamps whatever you do, it would be wiser and more honest for you to choose one of the quieter paths in life. It is a misfortune for a woman to have to earn her living. But it is a misfortune which, thank God, she has met, oh, so many times, bravely and honestly. When she goes out into that world where she has to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar, then I do not think she wants to be a beggar ; but she is this if she tries to foist upon a circle of acquaintances and friends miserable specimens of work. She is self-respecting and honorable when she does well the work which she finds will pay her the best, for, after all, we are all working, as the clever little Western woman wrote about her newspaper, "Not for favor, not for fun, but for cash." I do not want you always to think of the dollar as the sole aim of your work, but I do want you to remember that if you do good work you will get good money.



A GIRL'S RELIGIOUS LIFE

IN every language it has been said that “a woman without religion is like a flower without perfume,” and that it is true is best proven by the fact that men who have no belief grieve bitterly if the women who belong to them are unbelievers. I am going to have a little talk with my girls about what religion means to them, and what I think it should mean. I say religion because I hope that every one of them respects the faith which is lived up to by the other, and that no one of them would dare question the right or the wrong of a belief that gave forth beautiful blossoms of purity, sweetness, and charity.

First of all, then, your religious life must be real. You probably wonder what I mean when I say this, and I am going to try, as well as I can in black and white, to tell you. Each one of you has, please God, been taught when you were a little girl to say your prayers, to read certain devotional

books, and to do as nearly as possible that which is right. This you have accepted with the beautiful faith that comes only to a child. As you near womanhood, you begin to think about the meaning of things. You decide for yourself what is right, you make a public announcement of your belief and of your intention to live up to that belief. Almost invariably this is followed by an effort to live what you think is a spiritual life. You mark out for yourself certain pages that are to be read, you think out the prayers you wish to say, you are willing to work for the cause in which you believe, and nothing gives you so much joy as the absolute giving up of yourself, mind and body, to religion. This is what might be called the ecstasy of religion. You who are feeling it will think that I am cruel in saying that it is almost worse than no religion at all, because all such violent emotions have their opposites and are certain to turn sooner or later in that direction.

RELIGION WITHOUT RELIGION

Wrapped up in prayer you find your daily duties troublesome ; uplifted by heavenly words you regard the ordinary speech of life as coarse ; thinking of the lives of saints and martyrs you seem wicked, and there is an absolute pleasure in reminding yourself of that fact. Now, my dear girl,

this is only an evidence of vanity. You are by no means the greatest sinner that ever lived, and you give yourself pleasure, and do not mortify yourself when you say so. If you face the situation you will realize that your sins are mean, nasty, petty little ones—that you do not commit great sins, that you are not tempted to, and that you are telling what is an absolute untruth when you call yourself the greatest sinner in the world. So put down vanity as one of your faults.

It seems most important to you that a certain number of prayers be said each morning ; that is right, if the prayers are said at the right time as well as in the right spirit, but when you linger over your prayers, keep the breakfast-table waiting, or find it impossible to give a helping hand in the household because of your religious duties, your prayers are, in the sight of God, of no worth whatever. If you wish them to be as a lovely fragrance before the great white throne, get up half an hour earlier and in this way make faith and works combine. The tired mother, who sent a small child up to “sister” to be amused, only to be informed that “sister” was reading her good book and couldn’t be bothered with him, is not to be blamed for sympathizing with Martha for being troubled about many things.

THE SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL

Your religious life is absolutely worthless unless you can make the spiritual side show itself in your daily life. Dear old George Herbert long ago wrote, "Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon body, clothes, and habitation." Now, are you doing this? Or are you simply using your religion as a course of æsthetic pleasure for yourself? Are you living a negative life—that is, doing what you think correct, as far as the outward observance of your religion demands, and, as you put it, "doing no harm to anybody"? That last condition does not exist. When you don't do harm to people you do them good, and so you must be influencing them in some ways. To your brother, your sister, your father or mother, you are showing something of your religious life. Are you giving them the impression that religion is good to think of and talk about, but not to live by?—that it makes very little difference whether one has a belief or not when it comes to a question of every-day life? If this is so, do you realize that you are announcing that while it is interesting, it is neither worth living by, nor dying for? Harsh? No, I am not that. I am only trying to show you of how little use is religion unless you make it a

working one. I do not mean by this that you shall separate yourself from your people to work solely for this, though there are thousands of orders where great and good work is done by women who are called by God to do this work, but I am talking to you who are in the world and of the world, and who, each in your own way, can make that world better.

A DAY OF YOUR LIFE

Just take a day of your life and work it out. You get up a little late, and if you stop to say the long prayers that you usually do you can't help the children to dress. What ought you to do? Kneel down for a minute and reverently ask God's help during the day, and thank Him for His care during the night. Then go to your work. Don't do it sullenly, don't do it as if it were a trouble, but do it cheerfully as a sister should. Later on different duties arise, and do not shirk one. I feel like saying many times that there is nothing so pleasing to God as work that is done cheerfully; it is a prayer, a very rosary of deeds. Try throughout the day to speak the kindly word, and be charitable even in your thoughts. If you have time to be alone for a little while, then the book you are fond of, or the prayer you wish to say can be attended to, but

God who made you and placed you where you are, He, who can read the heart, thoroughly understands that to do what your hand findeth to do is worship.

THE DUTIES OF TRUE RELIGION

I would not seem for one minute to underrate the duties of religion, but I must say that I think young girls are too apt to remember the letter of the faith rather than the spirit. It is right that you should show the world what you believe, that there should be the outward visible sign in the attendance at church, in the respect shown to those occupying spiritual positions, and in the doing of charity, but, and this is too often the case, these good acts are counted first of all, and the duties that come into one's life, and which are just as important, are neglected. A girl of my acquaintance, who was very enthusiastic, said during Holy Week, last year, to her clergyman: "Oh, Mr. Brown, I am so weak, I can hardly walk to church, I have almost starved myself this Lent!" She expected approbation, she got none; instead the clergyman said to her: "You are not only a foolish, but a wicked girl. You are not strong and should not have fasted at all. As it is you will be ill, you will cause your mother, who is a very busy woman, much trouble and a great deal

of worry, and in the sight of God you have committed a great sin. You have lacked consideration for others, and you have ill-treated the body which was made in His image. If you had kept yourself well and strong and been a help to your mother, your Easter day might have been a happy one, but as it is, it can only be filled with remorse. Pray for wisdom."

This explains better than I can what I mean when I tell you that you must make your material and your spiritual lives in perfect harmony. The soft answer that turneth away wrath does more to convince your brother of the value of your religion than all the prayers ever written, if you are ill-tempered. The forgiveness rendered some one who has hurt you is more convincing of the beauty of the golden rule, and of your living up to it, than all the societies that were ever formed for the benefit of the heathen. To make religion beautiful in your own home and among your own people is a great work. And if every girl did that there would be no heathen. I know it is hard to always do the right thing. I know it is hard when there are beautiful, high, and noble thoughts that we would like to enjoy alone to have to sweep a floor, or mend a gown, or bathe a baby, but the doing of any of these gently and cheerfully is better than thinking high thoughts—it is living them.

THE GIRL AT PRAYER

I do not know that I can tell any girl how to pray, for each of us unconsciously has her own way. All that I can do is to tell you mine. God Himself has never seemed far off from me, and there is nothing for which I would not ask Him. I think He knows my temptations, and He knows me physically and mentally. Therefore, when I say: "Dear God, take away this sorrow," or "give me this pleasure," I know He understands, and will do as seemeth best to Him. When the burden of the day becomes almost too great, the cry is only, "Lord, help me." And I tell you from my heart that I have never prayed and found my prayer unanswered, not always, perhaps, just in the way I expected it, but in time I saw the wisdom of it all. I believe in spoken prayer, but I believe also in the greatness of the prayer that is never uttered by the lips. I believe that with God every intense wish is a prayer, and so I warn you, as did the preachers long ago, to beware of that for which thou wishest with all thy heart. Many girls, not content, or not feeling sure of the words that would come from their own hearts, appreciating the majesty rather than the mercy of God, prefer a formula of prayer.

Of this I only have to say, do not get into the habit of repeating it thoughtlessly, but linger over the beauty of its words and realize what they mean every time they are uttered. The universal prayer, the one which asks "Our Father" for help, and wisdom, and charity, and sweetness, belongs to all of us, is simple enough for the youngest to understand, and magnificent enough in its words and intention to satisfy the most intellectual. That is all I can say about prayer, because when we pray and how we pray must be arranged by each, only we do not want our prayers to be mere words, nor do we wish to go on the housetops or the highways to make them.

VALUE OF SELF-EXAMINATION

There is probably no way to arrive at one's religious condition so valuable as by self-examination, and by this I mean the living over in your thoughts the hours of the day, and the seeing wherein you have made mistakes, and how in future they can be avoided. Sometimes this practice is carried to such a degree that hope is driven away from one, but this is only when one is not looking at the world justly, and is too prone to see the dark side of the cloud and not its silver lining. Probably the best way to examine one's conscience is to say to one's self the Ten Com-

mandments, giving a thinking time after each, to see if one has committed the small sins that, while they are not mentioned by words, are yet really included in the Commandments. True, you may not have stolen anything, but have you been quite just? Certainly you have not killed anybody, but have you been cruel in act or word? You have not been unchaste, but have you looked at or listened to anything that you would not like to tell God about? Have you by a quick word, a sullen temper, or an ungracious manner shown lack of respect to your elders and superiors? Have you, even by innuendo, or by a silence that spoke louder than words, borne false witness against your neighbor? And have you with that question of "who is my neighbor?" neglected to do a kindness? Do you know that in a beautiful garden where the rose-trees grow there sometimes comes one poisonous plant that kills their beauty at once? But this seldom happens. Much oftener, when no attention is given to it, thousands of little weeds spring up and choke off the growth of the roses so that they wither and lose their loveliness little by little. Now, if you will only recognize the little sins and pull them up every day you will be in condition, if the great one comes, to hew it down with the sharp battle-axe of religious strength, so that it will not hurt you.

A LIVING FAITH

What I want to make you understand, my dear girls, is that yours is a faith to live by, as well as to die by. It is a faith that will send forth beautiful blossoms of love and consideration, will make sweet your daily walks, and it is only when you make it a living faith that it is worth while. I do not wish to seem to underrate repentance, even if it be at the last hour, but I want you to distinctly understand that the beautiful life dedicated to God, lived out in His honor, certainly does more for the world at large than the mere giving to Him of one's self at the very end. I wish I could tell you more plainly what I think comes from a living faith. It seems to me that it must make all the words spoken sweet, all the looks kindly, and all the actions unselfish, and yet with it all there must be so much of humanity in you that you never once suggest to the other girls that you are anything but the most agreeable girl they know, and the best one. I wouldn't have you a hypocrite for the world ; I would not have you assume any virtue that you do not possess, but I am more than anxious that you should get so close to every virtue that it will become a part of you, and that your life will be a picture of perfect faith as shown by works.

WHEN HOPE SEEMS GONE

There comes to every one of us a time when life seems full of darkness, and all the asking for light remains unanswered. There comes a time when everything we do is darkened, when hope seems gone, and life itself is made up only of the dark and dreary times. These days always come with the greatest intensity to the girl who is most enthusiastic and most emotional. And these are the times when she needs to pray continually for help to hold on to her belief. Sometimes this condition comes from purely physical reasons, again from mental ones; sometimes one is so tired with working and seeing no apparent result, and, again, one grows weary of calling for help and apparently getting none. The wisest girl once in awhile grows weary in well-doing. Unbelief walks like a skeleton everywhere.

The true faith may be yours, it may be mine. The good Samaritan had it, for he took care of the poor and the sick and asked no questions. It is the faith that makes men and women live better lives, do more good in the world, and teaches them to let their own lives be the lanterns to guide the doubting over the troublesome path. Are you going to let the world scoff at your faith? Are you going to let it be only the spoken and not the

active belief? Or are you going to let people see how happy and how good it is to have such a faith, by letting them see how happy, how good, how loving, and how charitable, your own life is? Unless you mean to do this, to try to do this, you will never convince anyone that you have the true faith. You will never convince anyone that yours is the true faith when you attack every other.

In the Talmud is the story of the many pilgrims who came to the gate of a great city; each was hungry and thirsty, each spoke in a different language and said one word. They looked angrily at each other, and it almost seemed as if they were coming to blows, when the keeper of the gate sent for an interpreter. He listened to each one, smiled, and said: "Give them grapes, each in his own tongue has asked for them." Peace was restored and they became friends. Now, each of us in our way is trying to get to the Kingdom of Heaven; each of us may take a different mode of expression, but as we know what the desire of each is, shall we scoff at the mode of speaking? My dear girls, respect the belief of every human being, no matter how different it may be from your own, for it is God, not you, who will judge of the right and the wrong.



THE SMALL FAULTS OF GIRLS

THEY can only be compared to the little foxes. You have a beautiful bunch of grapes, perfect in shape, exquisite in bloom, looking as if they must be luscious and sweet, and you pick one, expecting great pleasure, but it sets your teeth on an edge, and you discover that at its very heart it has been bitten by two sharp little teeth, and in consequence it is not at all pleasant to the taste. So, very many times, is it with the character of the young girl. There may be about her everything that is charming; she may appear agreeable, attractive, and amiable, but, suddenly, something occurs, some little thing is said or done, and you discover that the mental little foxes have bitten at and taken away from her perfection. In many cases a watchful mother sees that the little foxes do not come near her daughter, but quite as often the watching for them and the being careful that they are not permitted to come near one must be the work of the

girl herself. These small faults are at first troublesome to get rid of, but when the effect that they have upon the character is realized, and it is seen how quickly they grow from mere faults to absolute sins, surely a girl will take all the care possible and not only discover them for herself, but hate them and conquer them.

THE SIN OF SILENCE

Usually much is said about speech being silver and silence golden, and yet there are times when silence itself is a sin. If someone you know is being talked about, spoken of maliciously, and all her faults discussed, what is your duty? This: To think up something about her that is good, and to mention it so distinctly that all the talkers will be shamed out of hunting for her faults and will begin to look for her virtues. Very often you set your lips tight and resolve not to say a word against anybody, and then you think you have done your duty. But you haven't. A persistent silence in leaving undone that which you ought to have done has been your fault, and that means committing a sin of omission. Speak, and speak quickly and honestly, never hesitating to tell of the virtues belonging even to your enemies, because, after all, it is a mean thing merely to keep silent; and it is a great thing to control one's self

so that one may speak well of those for whom one does not care.

Of the sin of speech you girls all know. It is the unnecessary word of fault-finding. It is seeing and speaking of people's faults, rather than searching out and proclaiming their virtues. It is being willing to make people unhappy by nasty little speeches that may seem clever, but are really rude. It is saying what you ought not to say. It is allowing free license to your speech. In time as the result you will get so that you will even look for the disagreeable traits among your friends and those whom you love, and you will speak as quickly about them as about utter strangers. Irrespective of the wrong that you do, how long will you retain any friendships worth having? Men and women both are afraid of the young woman who makes unkind speeches, and so I beg of you watch carefully that the sin of speech does not overcome you, and rule that organ which should be divine, the tongue.

SINS OF MANNER

In your manner you can commit sin. Somebody has just been introduced to you, and instead of bowing pleasantly, you give a stiff, haughty nod that makes a shy woman feel uncomfortable and causes her to have anything but a pleasant opinion of you. In your home you come into the dining-

room late for a meal, throw yourself carelessly into a chair, and as you eat the semi-cold dishes, you sulk and refuse to speak to anybody. When you are asked to help a little in the household, you start to do it by banging the door and giving poor work because your heart is not in it, and you make everybody about you uncomfortable by your disagreeable manner. Some one comes in to see your mother, some old friend, and she wishes to present you to her. You toss your head, curl your lips, don't want to go, but at last yield, principally from curiosity. Probably the lady you meet is not very finely dressed, nor can she chatter about social affairs as you like your friends to, but that doesn't excuse your speaking to her in the stiffest manner and making her feel anything but comfortable.

ONE OF YOUR SINS

If one of your pet sins is to sulk I will tell you what to do. As pleasantly as you can ask your mother to excuse you for a little while ; then go to your own room and sit in front of your looking-glass. Watch your face and see how ugly it grows when you yield to this sin. I am sure that in a very little while you will be down on your knees asking God to help you, and making to Him a promise to do all that you can to help yourself. Another ugly fault, and one which is of

manner, consists in finding nothing to your liking. Of course, you display this fault at the home table most prominently, but when you are visiting you make your hostess feel uncomfortable, although you don't say a word, by refusing everything on the table except bread and butter and tea. Now, my dear, unless you learn to avoid this sin of manner, you should eat by yourself at home and not be permitted to go visiting.

SINS OF DISRESPECT

You think that respect is only necessary to your father and mother, and yet it is absolutely due to whoever is older than you, whoever is greater, and whoever is better. Flippant speeches and carelessness of manner simply stamp you as being very ignorant. Fancy making an old lady a subject of jest as I heard a girl doing not long ago ! It happened to be true that she was odd, that she dressed much too young for her years, and that she seemed to forget that she was no longer a young woman ; still, no matter what she did, that did not excuse the light criticisms that were passed upon her. And you and I, my friend, are just as likely to be foolish when we are old. There were many good things in this old lady's life ; to many a young girl had she given a pretty party dress, and nothing pleased her so much as to collect

young people about her and make them have a good time. But this girl who was making fun of her forgot the kindness and only remembered the little follies, reversing the judgment that would be passed upon her at the last great day.

You are lacking in respect to a clergyman when you go to church and do not pay proper attention to his sermon. You are lacking in respect to your hostess when, having provided some good music for your pleasure, you leave the room, sit on the staircase, and chatter with a group of young people quite as disrespectful as yourself. You are very rude if you permit yourself, by spreading out your draperies, to occupy two seats in a car, and permit an old gentleman to stand. You think that these are little faults ; so they are, but the specks upon the grape where the sharp little teeth entered were almost invisible.

SINS OF EXTRAVAGANCE

There are more ways of being extravagant than by spending money. Extravagance of speech is a common fault among young girls. Something is seen and when it is described later on it would scarcely be recognized by any other looker-on. Extravagant words have been used, the situation has been made dramatic, and what was an ordinary, every-day occurrence is, by your extravagant

language, made to seem a something of great importance. After awhile this habit grows upon you, and your friends laughingly say, "If you want to be amused listen to Florence; if you want the absolute truth of the affair ask somebody else."

Extravagance in dress very often means improper dressing — over - dressing. Possibly you kept the greater part of your money and with it bought a fine silk frock, only fitted for evening or visiting wear, and yet, after it has seen a little service, you are forced to go to business in it. What you ought to have done was to get a smart-looking woollen gown, and then, when the time came for it to be used for every-day wear, it would have been quite proper. Think, if you are among the butterflies, whether you are not extravagant in urging those who love you best to give you pieces of jewelry which they really cannot afford and which are utterly unsuited to the life you live. Many a business man can trace his downfall to the diamond ear-rings for which wife or daughter begged so hard. And then a woman is seldom satisfied with just one bit of prettiness. So, my dear girl, unless you know your father can afford it, do not even hint to him that you would like a bracelet, or a locket, or a brooch, but make yourself look as charming as possible in the simplest way, and then if dark days should ever come you will have nothing with which to blame yourself.

SINS OF THOUGHTLESSNESS

A very good motto to put up in your bedroom in bright red letters is this : “ Evil is wrought by want of thought.” Yes, it is, but that is no excuse for it. You are a thinking human being, and you have no right when you have done wrong to excuse it by saying you didn’t think about it. It is your business in life to think. You were rude, your manner was not perfect, and the words you said were evidences of ill-temper ; thoughtlessness will not pardon any of these. It always seems to me as if it were the weakest of all reasons, that one of lack of thought. It is equivalent to saying that you’ve no brain. You are asked by your mother to dust the parlor ; it isn’t done, and when, later in the day, you find her busy at it and know that she is so tired she ought to be resting at this time, what a poor reason it is for you to give as an explanation of your neglect, “ I got to talking and didn’t think.”

You are asked by an employer to carefully watch a certain account and to see that there are no errors. At first you do with much enthusiasm ; then, without exactly formulating the idea, you let it alone. Some day there is a great error ; it means a loss of much money, and when you are reminded of what you were asked to do, isn’t this

a poor excuse for not having attended to your duty : “ I looked carefully after everything else, but lately I haven’t given a thought to that ” ?

You hear a bit of gossip, you repeat it to your best friend. It goes around the circle and eventually you are forced to face it again. Then the woman about whom it was asks you why, and it seems a mean, low reason when you say : “ Well, it was told to me and I never gave a thought to there being any harm in repeating it.” So you see what may be wrought by thoughtlessness. The shrug of the shoulder, the curl of the lip when someone else is referred to may, on your part, mean very little, but when they are described and much stress laid upon them, the impression is that you know a great deal that you haven’t told. What you did was done from thoughtlessness ; that is your excuse. But this is absolutely true, one can easier battle with something that is pre-meditated than with something that is done in so-called thoughtlessness.

SINS OF JEALOUSY

These are very mean sins. They make you undervalue your friends. They make you say petty, mean things, and they cause to grow in your heart a poisonous green plant which is bitter to the taste and which is called envy. You are

jealous of somebody's beautiful looks. Beautiful looks, my child, do not last forever, but beauty of manner will cling to one all one's life. You are unhappy because somebody's clothes are finer than yours; keep yours sweet and neat, try and forget about outer garments, go out in the sunshine, and you will realize that in life she who wears beautiful clothes gets very little more pleasure, no more sunshine, and no more keen appreciation of everything than you do in your simple, suitable frock.

You are jealous because somebody is spoken of as a fine musician, whereas you can only play the accompaniments, while your brothers and sisters sing the songs that all of them like. Perhaps the girl who is such an artist in music may be unfortunate enough not to have brothers and sisters; so you must think about your blessings, think over what you have that she doesn't possess, and make yourself happy. If you allow jealousy to take possession of you, you will not only be a very unhappy girl, but you will make everybody around you dislike you, and surely you don't want that to happen?

THESE EVERY-DAY FAULTS

I know every one of my girls can think of some other little fault, one that is peculiar to herself.

Now, I want her to represent the perfect specimen of girlhood, just as the perfect grape is the finest of fruits, satisfying the thirst, the taste, and the eyes. But, my dear girls, if you want to be this you must pull out the little faults as you would the weeds from a garden. Pull them so carefully that they cannot come back, and in their place sow the seed of the beautiful flowers that represent the virtues. Then you will be happier, better, and more lovable, and it will make life sweeter for everybody around you. And behold, some day, taking you in her arms, your mother will tell you that the brightness and good cheer in the house are due to you and your virtues. She may, perhaps, remind you of that time when you weren't as wise as you are now, and be sure she will congratulate you on your victory over the little faults of every-day life. After this it is so easy to conquer big faults ; they stand out so prominently, having no little ones to excuse them, that you see them and control them. You get them well in grasp and master them, and in time, you, my girl, by your own efforts, will become "a perfect woman nobly planned."



WHAT SHALL A GIRL READ?

MY dearest comrade, my chosen friend is the girl who loves to read. I am thankful that there are so many of her. Her voice comes crying from the wilderness, "What shall I read?" And I, sitting among my books, feel that in my own way I must answer her question. But first I want to tell her how to read. She must not attempt a book that does not interest her. It may be true that she has taken it up because she has expected it to improve her, but that will never happen unless heart and brain alike are working on the thoughts bound between the covers. Mere reading by the eyes is of no value, we may read page after page and then put the book down and find that we know nothing whatever about it.

The book that is a friend to me may be a stupid, tiresome acquaintance to another, therefore no one person can say what will interest the other. In the last few years there have been in

numerable lists of the hundred best books, and I feel that I may say that they are as useless as a worn-out blotter, for they only express the opinion of one person. So I will not tell my girls what books they ought to read, but I will tell them of the books I love, and which I hope they will learn to love.

WHAT TO READ

Even if one could live the time allotted to the good man it would be impossible to read everything. The girl who is reading for a special purpose is, I may mention, not the girl to whom I am talking. My girl is the one who, busy either in the home or outside of it, is able to devote only a certain time to reading, and wants to get pleasure and benefit from books.

The girl who is able to speak French and German, and to read both easily, very contemptuously says, "Never read a translation." Now she is wrong. To-day there are extremely good translations of foreign authors in the market, and it would be very unwise to lose the reading of a good book because you have to take it in English rather than in its native tongue. Read books that are adapted to your moods; take a merry book when you are sad, but make it one of those merry books in which the wit does not sting and hurt

the heart, and be very careful to avoid those most undesirable books that presume to jest at sacred things.

THE WAY TO READ

First of all thinkingly. I know there is no such word in the dictionary, but what I say covers what I mean; let your eyes, mind, and heart become absorbed until you feel that you are of the people about whom you are reading, or else that you are arguing with the author as to his opinions. Don't be afraid to be ignorant. And the very first word which is not absolutely clear to you attach to your vocabulary by looking it out in the dictionary. Learn also to forget—to forget the wrong that you may have stumbled across and to forget the book that has made you unhappy. Last year when I was ill I had a book experience that taught me much. A friend came in and brought a book, which at that time was being talked about and reviewed, and in which she thought I would be interested. I read it through very carefully—with this result, that every pain I had grew worse, the entire world seemed against me, there was a black cloud across the sun, all the people were unhappy, and there was no promise of improvement in the future.

The next day some old novels were brought to me, and when the friend who had brought the

black book came to me she said, "How much better you look! I am sure you liked that book," and I answered, "No, take it away. If I could I would burn every copy of it. If I look better to-day it is because I am living in the days of chivalry; I am seeing the romance of the French court; I am bowing down before Louis XIV., and I am happy to read about the daring deeds of the Mousquetaires, and how their cry was always 'For the king and for the ladies.'"

"Oh," she said, "you are only reading a novel." And I then confess to stealing a quotation from Jane Austen:

"'Only a novel,'" I said; "'it is only 'Cecilia,' or 'Camilla,' or 'Belinda,' or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineations of its variety, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor are conveyed to the world in the best language.'"

SOME TRANSLATED BOOKS

For the girl who loves to read I do not advise all translations, but there are very many which are good. If you are interested in France you can choose all the novels of the elder Dumas; that wonderful story of life, "'93," written by Victor Hugo, and also "Les Misérables." Then you

may take up Daudet's earlier novels and get a glimpse of life during the time of Louis Napoleon. France will become so close to you that just here will fit in Dickens's "*Tale of Two Cities*," and then while your heart is full of the heroism of a man, you will elect to read a new and very full life of the martyrdom of Marie Antoinette. It is a new life of the queen written by Maxime de La Rocheterie. There you will not only find descriptions of the beautiful women of that day, but you will see pictures of all those who were famous either by their virtue or by their wickedness. A book with pictures is always doubly interesting, and I fancy my girls are like me in that respect. To gain a better knowledge of the women of the French courts read all the books written by Imbert de St. Armand. He begins by writing about the women of the Valois, and goes right through to the time when Josephine won friends for Napoleon by her sweetness and her loyalty, and even later. Having got so far you may choose Carlyle's "*French Revolution*," but if you find it stupid drop it, for if it tires you it will be of no use to you.

"Ah," says my girl, "you are mixing novels and history, Ruth Ashmore."

So I am, but that is the way I believe in reading. When you read let it be first of all for pleasure and then for profit.

TO VISIT FOREIGN LANDS

If you want to visit Italy, the home of art, the land of beauty, the country that is like a wondrous old book, you must get the novels of Italian life written by Marion Crawford; they will show you pictures of the Italy of to-day, and in them you will also find descriptions of famous pictures and palaces that will make you hunt for yourself the books that will touch upon the subjects in which you have grown to have an interest. You will read Mrs. Piozzi's "Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century." You will find yourself searching out for the lives of the popes, and of the pagans as well, until some day you will discover that you want to possess, that you may look at it often, the book of that Christian Pagan, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."

Russia, with its mystery and awfulness, is a country that you long to know about. Then you must take up "The Midnight Sun; or, The Tsar and the Nihilist," by Buckley. You will read Kennan on Siberia, and Stepniak, as he writes about the Russian peasantry; then you will give a jump away back and read the life of Catherine the Great, and so will understand why Russia has become what it is. I do not advise you to read the Russian novels of to-day.

England is so near to us, and her books are so many, that no girl will have trouble in finding them, but as she reads English history let her take with it Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," those poems of Austin Dobson's that belong to certain eras, and the comedies and tragedies not only of Shakespeare, but of those old writers who to-day furnish ideas for modern playwrights.

THE GOOD NOVEL

But some of you have so little time that you cannot read any histories but must find relaxation in the good novel alone. By the good novel I mean the one that, written in good English, tells an interesting story, has a distinct plot, and ends happily. The novel is the comedy of the library ; it should bring pleasure ; it may cause tears, but as the tears course down your cheek they should mark the place where the dimple is to form for the laughter. First of all Thackeray, and then Dickens. When you read "Henry Esmond" and the "Virginians" you will get a good picture of life in America when it was called "the Colonies." When you read "The Newcomes" you will meet and be thankful for the acquaintance of one of God's noblemen—a Christian gentleman. You will like "John Halifax, Gentleman." You will probably drift to the books of Walter Besant,

the man who draws pictures of life as it is to-day and life as it ought to be. And then if you want a weird but intensely interesting book, you may take Crawford's "Witch of Prague," and for a while every-day life will go from you and you will be living in a city that is always old and which will never grow new.

NOVELS OF ADVENTURE

If you like adventure read the books of Rider Haggard, and follow them up, if you possibly can, with a history and a geography. If you like stories that hinge around a crime and show how by tiny clues and great ingenuity the criminal is discovered and the innocent proved free of sin, read the translated books of Gaboriau, of Boisgobey, and of that clever English writer, A. Conan Doyle. If you want an absolutely merry time take up the books of the man to whom I owe a never-ending debt of gratitude for the pleasure he has given me. I mean Jerome K. Jerome. After you have laughed at the adventures of the "Three Men in a Boat," delighted in the pranks of that wise dog Montmorenci, you will discover that in with the story you have read is a wonderful description of historic England as it is found going up the Thames. And when you take up the "History of a Pilgrimage" you will find you are

reading not only one of the most beautiful descriptions of the Passion Play, but the tender story of the Man who came and died for you and for me—died in suffering and in shame. If you love short stories read “Marse Chan and Other Stories,” by Thomas Nelson Page. Take “Gallegher” and “Van Bibber,” by Richard Harding Davis, and when you have finished reading them you will save up your money to buy those two books, because you will want to enroll them among your friends. Kipling? Well, yes. Certainly “Plain Tales from the Hills.” And for a good picture of Indian life, “The Potter’s Thumb,” by Mrs. Steel. Then, too, you must, for the sake of the fun, as well as the pictures of old New York, read all of Janvier’s, beginning with his inimitable “Color Studies.”

AMONG THE POETS

You will tell me that you have read all the standard poets. If you have lingered with delight over “Childe Harold” you should read Moore’s “Life of Byron.” With Shelley’s poems you should combine the story of his life as written by his dear friend Trevelyan, who is buried close beside him in the English cemetery at Rome.

Do you see how I want you to read? I want you to make one book connect with another until

you have gained a thorough knowledge of the writer, his environment, and his friends, and have seen the reason for the existence of his works. You should read Austin Dobson, and Sir Edwin Arnold, choosing especially his shorter poems, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. You will probably have a marked copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and I hope, my dear girl, one also of that greatest poem ever written by a woman, "Aurora Leigh." You will learn to love Tom Hood. Whittier will appeal to your quiet hours, and so will Adelaide Procter. There is a writer of to-day who is a never-ceasing pleasure to me, and I think he will be to you. Through long nights of sleeplessness I have had his poems and his stories read to me, and one night when nothing would quiet pain, it was forgotten for a few minutes as I listened to the description of "The Hush-a-by Lady from Lullaby Street." That this writer is an American and of to-day makes me glad, and I am sure it will you. Of course, you know I mean Eugene Field. His "Little Book of Profitable Tales" and its companion, the "Little Book of Western Verse," will bring happiness and pleasure even where there is despair and pain.

THE RELIGIOUS BOOK

I think we have to find out each for himself the books that appeal to our souls. I am not a great believer in the so-called religious books. I can recommend only those I know about. First of all the Bible, then Thomas à Kempis, then the old-fashioned "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and Mrs. Ewing's stories. With these an old copy of "Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom," and beside it, printed on a piece of parchment, Cardinal Newman's great prayer in verse, "Lead, Kindly Light."

I hope that this little talk about books will make my girls more interested in them and more anxious to make their acquaintance. They are friends that never fail us; they never deceive, they never gossip, nor can we ever find them lacking in any of the virtues. Just as long as there are books in the world we can live in the very finest society; we can be worldly and courteous with Lord Chesterfield; we can be gay at Little Trianon with Marie Antoinette; we can be powerful and rule Russia with the great Catherine; we can be diplomatic with Richelieu, and best of all we can live in our books that old, old story of hope, of suffering, and of love, the story which has been the key-note to every book that ever was

written. The best way I can end this little talk is by quoting Mrs. Browning :

“ We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book’s profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
’Tis then we get the right good from a book.”



THE GIRL WHO USES SLANG

I WONDER how many times my girls are slangy? I wonder if they ever think what a lack of refinement is shown in being slangy in word, dress, or manner? I wonder if they ever think how this much-to-be-deplored slanginess affects the listener and the looker-on? I cannot believe that any of them think this out, and so I am going to preach a little sermon about slang. The first step down on the very quick descent of bad manners is shown in the use of it. Commencing with the mere words of slang soon, very soon, a general degeneration in the girl herself may be noticed. A girl may claim that she uses slang in a joking way; she may just at first, but commenced as a bit of fun it gets to be, like all bad habits, difficult to overcome.

The American girl is bright, cultivated, and refined; she is pretty and interesting, and yet when you hear her say, as many a one does every day

of her life, about a book, or a song, or a play, or somebody's manner, "Oh, I caught on to it," or about something of which she was tired, something that wearied her, "Oh, I'll give it the shake," or of somebody who was very quick in manner or perception, "Oh, ain't he fly?" what would you think of her and what does the world conclude about her?

THE WAY SHE USES SLANG

You ask her if she knows something and she responds, "You bet!" You ask her if she enjoyed herself at some place and she answers, "Like a streak!" If she starts to tell you a story she would possibly be surprised to be told that she uses slang. She does not know where she gets it herself. Nobody ever does know. She sees no harm in it. There is no use of profane or unclean words, and yet this slangy mode of speech is the little rift within the lute that, by and by, will make all the music of the fine womanly conversation not mute, but drowned in a hubbub of loud sounds and common words. The girl who continually uses slang as naturally elevates her voice as she breathes; she does this because she wants to give the full effect of her mode of speech, or, as she says, "Give everybody a chance to catch on."

In the great world of to-day it would seem as

if there were plenty of girls with brains, plenty of entertaining girls, plenty of pretty girls, but can you tell me how many girls you know whose words, dress, and manners are perfectly refined? I know that it is said that the various reformers see no charm in the woman who is conspicuous by her quiet manner, sweet voice, and good English, and yet she is the woman who is a power where the slangy girl receives absolutely no recognition. Good English is not difficult to speak. It does not mean words of many syllables. The very best is that wherein the shortest and simplest words are used.

WHAT YOU MUST DO

I do not want my girl to be slangy. So now I am going to make a little suggestion: Suppose you take a sheet of paper and a pencil, put on your thinking-cap and then write down the various slang words you are in the habit of using, and I am sure you will be surprised when you see them in black and white. You have not realized that you are a slave to slang. But having discovered the power of the enemy half the battle is fought. Now just take to fining yourself each time you use a word of slang, and then give your fines to something or somebody to whom you do not wish to be generous. You will be a bit surprised

when you see how quickly you will stop using the objectionable language, and how easy it is, after all, to express all that you want to say in pure English.

Then, too, just think how ridiculous slang words would make certain situations in life. You are fond of that pretty play called "The Lady of Lyons"—fancy, after Claude Melnotte has made his beautiful avowal of love—one of the most perfectly expressed and exquisite word-pictures in the English language—just fancy Pauline looking up into his face and meeting his question by saying, "I should smile!" Imagine, if you can, when Richelieu, to protect Julie, draws around her form "the awful circle of our solemn Church," and causes the villains who are pursuing her to recognize the power of the cardinal as well as the purity of the girl—imagine Julie turning and saying, "Well, we got there!" Now there are times when your slang sounds just as ridiculous as this, and without considering the other bad effect it has on you, it makes you appear silly and undignified.

SLANG IN DRESS

A puzzled girl says: "How can I be slangy in my dress?" I'll tell you, and then you can see whether you are or not. The girl who, because lace frills are fashionable, has her frills wider than

anybody else, who accentuates the width of her skirts, the brim of her hat, who, because pink roses are fashionable, has the greatest number of pink roses and those deepest in tone, this girl is slangy in dress. She is the girl whose dress tires your eyes as you look at it. She is the girl who, the very minute she enters a room, makes you conscious of her presence by the noise of her skirts, and who gives you an overpowering sense of her having too much to wear. That is one type.

Another is the girl, who, seizing the jaunty fashion of cloth skirts, soft blouses, and pretty jackets, makes it slangy by having the soft blouse developed into a loud, stiff shirt, and the jacket made to look as much like a man's coat as possible. With this she wears a masculine tie, a stiff plain hat, and, unconsciously, she assumes the manners of a man. But as she is not a man she does not succeed in this, and the consequence is that she appears to you as being neither a feminine woman nor a manly boy. Dress has its influence over everybody, and girls who are slangily dressed, that is, who go to extremes in any style of dressing, certainly become exaggerated in their manners and speech.

WITH THE EYES OF A MAN

A young woman I knew, who affected this masculine get-up, was so pretty that it seemed a shame, and a gentleman ventured to expostulate with her, telling her that she was so charming as a woman that she ought not to try to look like a poor imitation of a man. His words were met by a prolonged whistle, and this reply, which was unanswerable, "Oh, but it is so tart!" This same young woman was invited to a dinner-party. She announced that she intended to make a sensation by her costume, and it was generally believed that she was going to appear in some very beautiful gown. Imagine the horror of the hostess when she entered the drawing-room in a black broadcloth skirt that fitted her figure closely. With this she wore an evening shirt, a black waistcoat, cut low to show the expanse of white linen, and a black dress-coat. Her shirt-buttons were white enamel ones, so were the links in her cuffs, and her tie of white lawn was arranged after the fashion affected by men in the evening. After she went away the son of the hostess said to his mother, "Never invite that girl to the house again. No woman with the least refinement would, even for a jest, appear dressed in that manner." The mother gave a sigh of relief and

said, "My dear boy, I am so glad to hear you say that. She is so bright and witty and the men all seem to admire her so much that I was afraid you would not look at her dress with the eyes of a woman." "No," he answered, "I am not looking at it with the eyes of a woman, I am looking at it with the eyes of a man, and to a man it is a thousand times more offensive than it would be to a woman." Will you just think this over a little bit and conclude whether you are slangy in your dress?

WITH YOUR FRIENDS

How long do you suppose you will keep women who are refined and intelligent and womanly as friends if you are boisterous, loud, and slangy? Gradually these friends and acquaintances will slip away, and you will discover that, instead of the people who had at one time a deep interest in you, you are surrounded by those whose manners are quite as bad, if not worse than your own, and who only regard you as somebody who affords them "great fun." It will come home to you some day and hurt you when you realize that the girls you liked visit you no longer. After awhile they will begin to bow coolly to you and perhaps not recognize you at all. Wise mothers do not care to surround their daughters with objectionable

friends. It will annoy you at first to think that you are counted one of these, but after awhile you will assume an air of bravado and say that you don't care. But you will be telling an untruth, for you do care. There is no woman who does not like to think that she has real friends—friends who love and admire her, and who are loyal to her. The slangy girl may have hundreds of acquaintances, but she will never get these thoughtless people interested in her so that she will be compensated for the loss of a friend who would have stood by her through sorrow and through joy.

SLANG IN MANNERS

The girl who is slangy in her manner is the girl who commenced by being slangy in her speech, and who is to-day the worst specimen of bad manners in existence. Carelessness in speech has brought this about. She sees no use for the pretty courtesies of every-day life ; she doesn't care to be treated like a lady, because she wants to be "one of the boys." She likes to call herself "a jolly fellow." She leans her elbows on the table at dinner, she lolls in the chair in the most careless of attitudes. She thinks it very funny to jump on and off the car as it is going, and equally funny to whistle for the car to stop, instead of motioning for it as other girls do. She sees no reason why

she should be respectful to older people — she shrugs her shoulders and announces audibly that they bore her. She doesn't care to read books unless they have what she calls "go" in them. She is familiar with the scandals of the day, as gleaned from the newspapers, and is greatly given to announcing that she doesn't hesitate to call a spade a spade. She is very pronounced in her likes and dislikes and will not endure contradiction. She doesn't trouble herself to hint for anything that she wishes men to do for her, she deliberately asks them, and it rather surprises her after a while to find that, considering her just one of themselves, a man will refuse her request. She doesn't seem to understand that while a man may be attracted by her prettiness and amused in a way by her manner, he very soon gets tired of her, for from the beginning of the world men have never loved the women who were slangy in their manners, but rather the woman who represents what a French writer calls "the eternal feminine."

The girl who is slangy in speech, dress, and manner is very apt to grow slangy in her amusements. She is best pleased by the trashiest of literature, and for a book to be advertised as not quite nice is to her a special recommendation for it. In music she selects, by preference, songs that have neither wit, melody, nor sentiment to recommend them, and which only please by their lack of sense. No

man cares to hear a woman whom he respects sing comic songs. It lowers her in the eyes of every one, and the fact that she sings a comic song well does not add anything to the making it desirable for her to do it at all.

The slangy girl is apt to be the jester of the company, and who likes to see a woman wear the cap and bells? Why do not girls understand this? Why can't they see that to amuse people by making a clown of one's self is vulgarizing to the last degree?

A POSITIVE CERTAINTY

It is absolutely certain that the girl who is slangy in her manner forgets to be gracious and doesn't hesitate to say disagreeable things. She is, day by day, stilling her conscience and hardening her heart, and she fails to see why she should refrain from hurting other people. She entirely loses the grace of consideration. With this gone, it is sad to relate, she next loses her belief and her regard for the belief of others. Probe way down into what heart she has and she may, all unknown to herself, still believe, but she has an idea, a very false one, that it is an evidence of her intellectual strength to sneer at all belief and all accepted faiths. She doesn't know enough to realize that knaves and fools can say, "It is not

so, and I do not believe what I cannot see," but that it is the wise man who prays, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." She can talk very rapidly against all faiths, using the arguments of the non-believers of to-day, which are simply those of the non-believers of thousands of years ago. Poor girl, she is to be pitied, for it has not yet dawned on her of how little account she is to the world, and how she is, after all, hurting nobody as much as herself. My dear girl, you who begin to use slang in your speech must stop right now, for if you continue it is certain that you will grow slangy in dress and later on in manners.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT

Can you afford, for the sake of amusing a few foolish people, to lose your own womanliness?

Can you afford, for the sake of being conspicuous on the street, or at some place of amusement, to express in your dress your contempt for all women?

Can you afford, for the passing admiration of an hour, to give away your attraction as a well-bred girl, while you pose as "one of the boys"?

I do not think you can afford it. The day will certainly come when you will regret it, and then it will be too late. We who are fond of flowers know that if we wish them to give forth

sweet perfume and beautiful buds we must see that they are not choked up by weeds. This is only done by continually watching for the weeds, pulling up each one, little root and all, and burning it. The sweetest blossom of humanity is a gentle girl—won't you make her number increase?



YOUR OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND

THERE is nothing so beautiful as a faithful friendship between two women. Nothing is quite so unselfish and nothing in life lasts quite so long. This friendship, however, must have the trial-test of years ; it does not grow up in a day, or a night, but it is cemented and made perfect by the gradual learning of each to understand the other, by the willingness to help bear each other's burdens, and by that greatest of all virtues in friendship, the never asking a question, but the waiting until the confidence is given. Young girls very seldom form such friendships. They are, as I have said, the outgrowth of years of confidence, and you, who are sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, have not had the time to try, or be tried, to prove your worthiness as a friend. You look at me with a bit of indignation, and you tell me of "the dearest girl that ever lived," who sympathizes with you in everything, to whom you tell all your

hopes and ambitions, who loves you dearly, and whom you have known exactly one week. You know it must be a real friendship because you were attracted at once, and because immediately you began to tell one another things that you wouldn't have had the other girls know—not for anything. And you think this friendship is going to last forever. You have planned it all out in your own mind. You two, after you leave school, are going to marry two brothers, the handsomest and best men that ever were born, and you are all going to live in one house, and you will tell each other everything and life will run along as smoothly as possible for both of you. That is what you say this week.

THE WEEK AFTER

Next week I ask after your bosom friend and you don't seem inclined to talk about her. When I insist upon hearing about this feminine Damon I hear that she has rather neglected you; that a new girl has come whom she finds more sympathetic, and you find to your horror that she has told her the secrets which you whispered, believing that they were as sacred as if they had been told in the confessional. But you brighten up a little and tell me that after all you suppose one must make mistakes, but that now you have discovered a real friend, one who loves you simply

for yourself. She has such a lovely name, too. You think you never heard a more musical one—Florence. And then you show me the little notes she has written to you, notes that are as sentimental as possible, full of “darling” and “sweetest,” and making protestations of love such as Romeo might have made to Juliet. And then you tell me how on your desk you find a rose from her; and you show me the ring you are wearing which is hers, and which she begs you to kiss every day. As a profound secret you hear from another girl that she has sent to the city and is having a locket made in the shape of a heart with her picture inside it, and that this will reach you on Easter Day. And then you look at me and say, “Isn’t this beautiful? Isn’t this real friendship?”

WHAT I THINK

I don’t like to hurt your feelings by laughing at you, and I know, my dear, that you are quite in earnest, but this is all very silly. A veritable friendship between women doesn’t express itself in that manner, and you are not old enough yet to have friends. The pleasant acquaintance among the girls will last a thousand times longer than that with the gushing admirer. Florence is as jealous as if she were your sweetheart, and you pride yourself on this. She writes you most de-

spairing notes because some afternoon you take a walk with some other girl, or because you broke an engagement with her to go out with your mother. You think it is very desirable to be known among your girl friends as "Florence's crush," but if you will take a little trouble and inquire, you will find that you are only one among a number for whom Florence has expressed this great admiration at various times, and to whom she has shown this marvellous devotion. This may last three months or even a year, but great emotions have sudden endings, and some day you will be surprised to get a letter from Florence inclosing the photograph which you gave her, and begging you to return the little locket. That poor little locket ! If you have the sense I credit you with you will wonder who the girl is who is going to get it next, for you may be very certain that it will answer for several people.

THE DANGER OF IT

The great dangers of such intimacies as I have described are that they wean a girl from her best friend, her mother, and that they induce her to be over-confidential and to tell the affairs of her home to one who is not of her own household. Then, too, by mincing up one's love as if it were a piece of citron, and giving a little of it here

and a little of it there, there is left a portion not altogether desirable which is to be given to Prince Charming when he comes to claim his bride. I like a girl to have many girl-friends ; I do not like her to have a girl-sweetheart. There are but two people in the world to whom a girl should give her confidence—the first is her mother, the second is her husband. To the first belongs her life while she is unmarried ; after that she must find in her husband the one person to whom she can tell everything. And she is a very foolish woman if she ever whispers to either mother or woman-friend the confidential life of her husband and herself.

Many, very many girls may say, “ Oh, it is very easy to say tell your mother everything, but suppose she doesn’t care to hear it ? ” Now, I just want to ask you one question : Have you ever tried to make her your confidante ? Have you ever tried to tell her how your life goes along, the acquaintances you make at school, what interests you, or even the little compliments that are paid you by young men, and about which you are, properly enough, a little shy ? Don’t be satisfied with one trial and feel repulsed because she happens to be too busy, or too much troubled about something else to pay strict attention to you, but instead, take another time, and when you try this and keep on trying you will gradually

discover that she will grow interested, that you will have no more ardent partisan in your troubles and your happiness than she is, and no one who will give you better advice. If you are unfortunate enough not to be able to gain this consideration from your mother, then, my dear girl, keep your private affairs to yourself. Discuss everything else you want, from gowns to books, from pictures to sweetmeats, but do not tell to the rapturous girl-friend the story of your innermost life, or wear your heart upon your sleeve for every daw to peck at.

THE MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS

They will come surely, and you will be hurt again and again. While you believed in Louise, or Florence, or Geraldine, you may have whispered how difficult it was for the home-people to save the money to have you take the music-lessons you so much desired. And then when Geraldine, or Louise, or Florence has turned the page that bears your name, you will be horrified to hear that this has been told all over the school. Very young girls seldom remember that there are obligations even after a friendship has ceased to exist, and that the greatest one of these is to force one's self to forget that which was told in confidence when life meant nothing unless you two were together.

Too many girls are inclined to think themselves martyrs some time in their lives. The fancy for believing that they are ill-treated and misunderstood at home is a common expression of this martyrdom, and to the girl-friend this story of suffering is told with the keenest sort of pleasure. Now the suffering may consist in the fact that the martyr (?), after lounging all day reading a volume of poetry, was asked to take care of the baby for awhile, as nurse was busy in the kitchen, and mother must go down and see a visitor. And the martyr holds the baby carelessly, and the poor little tot cries because it is uncomfortable, while the happy victim of sixteen, who really enjoys her trouble, thinks what a sorry lot is hers that she should be taken from her beautiful poems and forced to be a slave.

For so she puts it. She never seems to realize that there is a thousand times as much poetry in helping her mother as there ever was in any volume published. Next day her confidante hears in most inflated terms the story of her suffering, and the confidante tells somebody else, and she tells somebody else, and some day—this is not only possible but I have known an actual case—the loving mother of a foolish girl is horrified to hear that she is credited with not treating her child well.

And all of this came through the overwrought imagination of a young girl who didn't know

how to hold her tongue. You have said foolish things, and folly too often is really criminal. You have talked without thinking, and thoughtlessness has brought about a sad state of affairs. When will you learn to control your silly talk? When will you learn to be a womanly girl?

WHAT TO DO

Until you are quite old enough to comprehend that friendship is more than a name, and that the real friend is one that is tried and not found wanting, you will probably speak of all the girls you like as your friends, meaning, of course, your acquaintances. Now, I want you to like each other, to be good comrades, but I think it will be wiser if you make this good-fellowship, in number at least, one of three or five, rather than two or four, for then you will not be so likely to discuss your private affairs, or to reach a state of sickly sentimentality that is as undesirable physically as it is mentally. Where there are three girls or five girls there is certain to be one who, healthy in mind and body, will laugh down any inclination to martyrdom, or any other nonsense that may exhibit itself. Possibly you think I am a little hard-hearted. Indeed, my dear girl, I am not. Nobody grieves more sincerely than I do when a young girl loses her belief in her companions, but

what I would like to do would be to suggest to her how to thoroughly enjoy these companions, and how to be so careful in her conduct with them that there will be no possibility of her being disillusioned.

When two girls are very intimate, and count out of this intimacy not only their own sisters but all their other friends, they are apt, unconsciously, to cultivate the faults of selfishness, of meanness, and to cause an undesirable morbidness to spring up. You think, perhaps, I shouldn't have used the word meanness, and yet I'll tell you why I say it. You two have a long talk together about everything and everybody, and consequently you do not hesitate to criticise severely every little fault, every little weakness of your neighbors, although you never stop to remember what was said about the mote and the beam. If it were not for this very great intimacy you would not dream of speaking ill of others ; if nothing else restrained you the fear that what you say might be repeated would have much to do with making you careful, but this great friendship, so-called, permits you to give license to your tongue, and you do not hesitate to utter before your bosom friend words and opinions which you would be ashamed to have other people know even entered your mind. Too great intimacy begets too great familiarity. Books and stories are often giggled over between

two girls, and affairs are discussed that if a third girl were present they would never dream of referring to.

THE RIGHT KIND

I have been talking to you about the foolish and the wrong kind of a friend, but you must not suppose for a minute that there is not a sensible and a right friend. She can be as jolly and as full of fun as possible ; you and she can read together, walk together, play on the same side in the out-door games and find much joy in each other's society. But this companion won't show a ridiculous jealousy because you happen to walk to-day with some other girl and to-morrow take tea with another one. No, on the contrary, she will be delighted to hear what a good time you have been having, and if she has been the one to have the good time she will tell you about it, and how she wished, earnestly and honestly, that you were along. She will never tell you of the affairs of her home, and be very certain that she will not write love-letters to you, or make you think yourself a much-abused young woman because you have some duties in life to perform. She will be a pleasant acquaintance, careful never to grow sufficiently familiar to give or accept any rudeness, and quite as careful not to listen or talk about anything that does not concern her. You

will find that you can rely upon her, that she will not run to you with every unpleasant thing she hears, and that if the day of sadness comes and she is near you, she will try and console you. As the years go by you will be surprised to discover that the girl you thoroughly liked has become the friend with whom you are on the most affectionate terms, while she who adored you for a day or a year has either entirely forgotten you, or else when you meet her again you are amazed that you could have cared for a woman who seems so foolish.

A good friend is a blessing straight from Heaven, but it is a blessing like a beautiful flower : it does not bloom all at once, but requires continual care. It will not stand rough handling or neglect. You must be gentle and considerate ; you must allow to it the same individual life that you have yourself, and while you may differ it must be without the utterance of unkind words. You must never permit anyone to speak ill of your friend to you, and if something should seem to come between you, a coldness for which you can find no cause, then the good friend will seek out the other, discover the reason, and clearly explain away whatever has seemed wrong. Just be a little careful, and in electing who shall be close to you choose that girl whom in the years to come you can still call by that sweet old name, your “ own familiar friend.”



THE ELDER SISTER IN THE HOME

I WONDER how many of my girls have the great privilege of being the sister in the family? And when I say sister I mean the oldest daughter. Sometimes she is the baby whom God first gave to the happy household ; sometimes she has two or three brothers to greet her when she comes into the world, but as long as she is the first girl, she is always sister, and to her come special rights and privileges. I want to talk to her just a little bit and tell her what these rights are, what the privileges are, and what the pleasures are. She is very near to me because she and I stand side by side, and I know, perhaps better than she does, the mistakes that may be made and the privileges that are within her reach. She is, before everything else, the closest one to the dear mother. A boy may come near to the maternal heart, but he never gets her confidence, and she never quite relies on him as she does on her oldest girl. The

mother and the daughter are close friends. And between these two, little affairs can be talked over, little troubles discussed and made easier to bear, little pleasures thought out and made possible, and all life itself made fuller of joy than it would be if sister did not exist.

I wonder if you know your influence? And I wonder if you use it? I wonder if you realize that you can be the cheerful, loving, willing, helping hand? My dear girl, if you do you can be a comfort to so many people. You can give the loving word of advice, you can help the one who is in doubt, and by the beautiful power of kindred and love, you can have an influence that is greater than any other over your brothers and sisters. What do I mean? Well, in this, the little talk between you and me, I am going to tell you—tell you just what your position is, and what you can make of it to each member of the household.

TO YOUR MOTHER

As your mother is queen of the household you can be her prime minister. She can decide what is right to be done and you will help her in carrying it out. She represents the brain and heart, you represent the hand and heart. There come times in all households when the machinery that has run so smoothly seems either to stop en-

tirely, or to be so clogged that the wheels move slowly and in a way that is irritating to everyone.

In many homes the cause for this differs. But a very common one is the introduction of a poor or an old relation : one who is queer, possibly tiresome, and yet who has the claim that blood and poverty always have on kindred and kindness. The boys fret the old lady, father sees so little of her that she doesn't trouble him, and yet she worries mother. It may be that she is your grandmother, and because she is an old lady she doesn't realize the material or mental changes that have taken place, and she exacts from the daughter of forty-five what she had from the daughter of fifteen—that is, continual consideration and obedience.

Mother, whose views of life have broadened, and who is a very busy woman, is irritated by these demands. Here comes one of your opportunities. You have left school ; you have a good bit of time on your hands ; devote as much of that as you can to grandmamma ; make the hours that you spend with her pleasant to her, and when you grow weary in well-doing stand in front of the looking-glass by grandmamma's side and remember that some day you will be as old as she is and will want patience and consideration shown to you. Find out what she likes to have done for her, and do it ; see if she fancies walking with

you, and go with her gladly. And if, once in awhile, or indeed very often, she should drift into a kindly gossip about people who are dead and buried, and whom you never knew, listen to her with interest, and think to yourself that when you grow old and a trifle garrulous, you will probably yearn for a sympathetic listener. Never let her feel for one minute that she is a burden. Tell her of your friends and of the pleasures in your daily life. Get her interested in you, and to your surprise grandmamma will suddenly grow much younger. Loving-kindness has worked this miracle.

That is one of the things you can do to help mother. You can amuse and entertain grandmamma, and then when mother's leisure hours come she will find her happy and pleased, and the life between them will seem like a renewal of the old days when they were both many years younger. "And thy days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

TO YOUR FATHER

I never saw a man who wasn't proud of sister. He may love his boys, but this oldest girl gets very close to his heart, and she can do much to make life pleasanter to him. To my sorrow I have seen her sit and sulk when he was present, I

have seen her complaining because she didn't have what all the other girls had, and I have known her to think that her father represented a money-making machine, bound to take care of her and give her a good time. And she might be so much more. When father comes home in the evening it ought to be her place to greet him with a smile and as much merriment as she can. It is her honor to be his daughter, and that means to give him all the pleasure possible and to keep from him the little frets and worries. Sometimes if a question of great importance comes to her she goes to him to ask how it shall be solved, and if she has been a good daughter she will certainly get from him considerate advice and loving thoughtfulness. Some day when the blushes cover her face she will go to her father to tell him that she loves the man who has asked her to be his wife, and then he will look at the man who wishes to be her lifelong companion, not only through the rose-colored glasses which she wears, but through those clear ones of good sense, and he will consider and weigh in the balance the man who wishes to take from him his dearest one. For, sister, that is what you can be to him—his heart's delight.

I know a man who says that his oldest daughter would make pleasant the poorest home that can be imagined. He says no matter how much

everybody else is down in the depths, she always has a merry greeting, a funny story, an interesting topic, or a pleasant question for discussion that interests everybody else and puts down the inclinations of the other members of the family to tell of their woes and worries, as a sauce for their dinners, rather than of their pleasures and interests. I call that being a great deal to one's father. He who is out in the busy world earning the bread and butter doesn't want to be met with complaints and cross looks; he wants to be greeted with a kiss, to be entertained by the mind which he has really formed by earning the money to pay the teachers to broaden and round it, and to be able to look at the bright, cheery girl, neat in her dress, sweet in her manner, and ever ready to make glad those who are sad.

TO YOUR BROTHER

Brother is close to you in years. A little older or a little younger, but near enough to you to be your companion and friend if you wish to make him so. What are you going to do? Are you going to let him drift away from you and find his pleasures away from home? Or are you going to keep him close to you and make him a sharer in everything that comes to you? I think, dear sister, you are going to do the last. There is a

cigar-shop down street where the boys of the neighborhood drift in and smoke and talk. Possibly they do nothing more harmful, but your brother might just as well have all this pleasure at home. And this is the way you can make him happy : Make him feel that his friends are yours, and if he will not bring them to the house because of some queer idea, and all young boys have them, then get your mother's permission to write a note to each and every one asking him to come on a certain evening, and then have some of your friends to meet them. Put yourself to a little trouble the first time ; have a nice little supper, plenty of music, pleasant games, and the simple, innocent dancing that is permissible in a home. Find out who is the shyest, or better still, the roughest of these friends, and pay to him the most attention, for you want him to come again. And you must convince him that he will have a better time if he comes to Jack's home and meets Jack's sister than if he induced Jack to spend an evening with him in the cigar store. After a while you will find that your brother will rely on you ; you will find that his friends come to you with their little confidences, and gradually Jack's house will be cited as the one where a fellow can go without being treated as if he always did wrong.

I once knew of a household like this, a household

long ago broken up, but where innumerable stray boys, boys without sisters, or who lived in boarding-houses, came to enjoy themselves, and where they knew they could always drop in for Sunday evening tea, and not only have good things to eat but a pleasant time altogether. Two or three of them who sang well would lift their voices in praise to Almighty God and all the rest of them would come in on the chorus.

HOW TO REFINES HIM

That is your work. The young boy who is careless about his appearance, unrefined in his manners, and lacking all thought is the one over whom a sister has had no influence. So when he comes to you, even though you are forced to regard him as somebody else's brother, do what you can in a quiet way to make him conscious of right and wrong. You will have an opportunity some day to tell him how difficult it was to teach your own brother that hands well cared for, that clothes well brushed, and clean linen were necessary if he wished to associate with his sister. That boy will look in an embarrassed way at his own hands; he may become conscious of a mussed and decidedly soiled collar, and he may remember that his clothes are not very well brushed and that the hat he wore was thick with dust. As soon as he recognizes these facts he will

reform, and you will be surprised to see how quickly he will remedy his mistakes, and how certainly he will realize that in his own person he must express refinement if he desires to be a friend of Jack's sister.

Then when the impolite word is spoken—or perhaps it may go beyond that and be a rude or vulgar word—a little look and a little reminder that he has forgotten himself will cause him to think, and the possibilities of the man who once begins to think are wonderful. The fact that Jack's friends admire you, that Jack's friends find you charming, will make Jack very proud of you, and he will suggest to the boys who come to the house that they have got to do this, or they have got to stop that if they want to meet his sister. My dear girl, you have no idea what your influence is over your brother.

The day will come when brother will ask you with many blushes if you know that pretty girl who lives in the next block. It doesn't take you but a minute to understand that your brother is in love. Possibly you may feel a touch of jealousy, but if you do, don't betray it, for you must remember there will come a love to each of you that is stronger than any other, and you have no right to find fault with him if he has found this love before you.

TO YOUR SISTERS

Having made little mistakes, having been the pupil of that great teacher, experience, it is only right for you to give the hand of guidance to your younger sisters. This you can do in such a way that you do not seem to put yourself up on a pedestal and preach to them, but you do appear to be what you really are—interested in their not making the same mistakes that you have, and so forcing all life to become smoother to them through your goodness. The inclination of an older girl is to patronize a younger one. Don't do this. Make your sister or sisters your companions and friends ; try to induce each one of them to make the home-life more interesting and to co-operate with you in lifting the burdens from the shoulders of the busy mother. Tell your sisters of your pleasures ; let them feel that together you can discuss their daily lives, and enter closely into whatever seems of importance to them. Help a bit with the lessons ; give a word of encouragement to that one who tires of the many hours of practice on the piano ; tell her of the great pleasure that music gives to others, how its sweet strains will deaden the voice of scandal and kill the unkind word. Teach your younger sisters the womanly care they should give to their clothes ; teach this by gentle words. Make

them understand the refinements of the table, but do this in that best of all ways—set them a good example. Make them comprehend that even a little lady has lost her claim to the title if her apron is soiled, if her hair is mussed, and if her manners are bad. Make your sisters seem of importance. Ask them to help you with some of your tasks, and you will be surprised to see how willingly this is done when the duty is recognized not as a duty, but as a something to be done with pleasure because it is helping mother or sister.

IN YOUR PLACE

When God put you in the place that you now occupy, when He made you sister of a household, He meant that you should be a pleasure and an example to those around you. Don't believe He meant you to be a prig. He meant you to be merry and wise, happy and considerate, counting it no trouble to do a service for those you love, or indeed, if it came in your way, even for those who were strangers to you. He meant that you should love and respect old age or weakness. He meant that you should be a joy forever to your father and mother. He meant that you should be mother's little comforter, sharing *her* happiness with her and helping her, as far as possible, in her troubles and worries. Be willing, more than willing, to do what

is right, and so by love, generosity, and consideration to fill your place perfectly, and when Prince Charming comes he will be made the happiest man in the world, because all of the family will say, "What will we do without sister?"



THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE AGE



ALL restlessness and seeking after what does not belong to one is a hindrance to any woman, be she old or young, and one which, in many instances, God did not intend should come into her life. Repose and perfect quietness seem to be unknown factors nowadays, and the simple doing what one has to do, quietly and properly, also ignored. The girls of to-day, no matter what their age may be, rush for everything. There is excitement in mind and body over the least little thing, and women are wearing themselves out doing absolutely nothing. You cannot convince a girl that, with proper deliberation, she might accomplish just what she wishes, and be strong in body and restful in mind as well. No, she has got so entirely used to rushing at everything that she wears herself out racing up and down stairs, and when simple, normal work is finished she is, as she puts it, "so dead tired that I can't even rest."

TAKING THINGS EASY

One can do three times as much by being quiet and taking things easy as by rushing. Girls in every station of life are hurting themselves by attempting to do too much. The girl who has to work is over-ambitious, and the society girl thinks she must let as much as possible come into her life. And so, between clubs and classes, with every form of gayety imaginable, she is working so hard that when she is thirty and should be reaching her prime, which physicians say is thirty-five, she is old and broken down. The feverish desire to have and to achieve is killing the girls of to-day. They are never satisfied; everything in their lives is rush and hurry. They want to dress like one friend, to be as learned as another, and as great a society leader as another.

THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY

The woman of to-day, as we hear of her, belongs to a class for each day in the week, and has every afternoon and evening filled up with gay functions. She is eager to know all about politics, to understand the great poets and writers of the day, especially those that are counted most difficult to comprehend; she wants to belong to societies

that will make the world better and that will permit her to talk about them in public, and yet she desires as well to keep the position in life to which she was born. Speak to her suddenly and see her start. That means overtaxed nerves. Get her to talk to you about one of her plans and see how she flushes, notice the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and watch the quivering of her lips and her hands. That woman is on the verge of nervous prostration. And why? She is living an abnormal life. She is neglecting her duties, and is permitting herself to be worn out to interest people who do not care in the least for her.

To me she is dreadful—this woman of to-day—and I do not want any one of my girls to be like her. She does no real work, she only worries, and worry is very apt to kill. Work properly done, systematically arranged for and carefully and easily carried out, does not wear women out. It is only when it is rush, rush, rush, fret, fret, fret, that women become bundles of overstrung nerves, tied with the red ribbon of continual excitement. But the ribbon comes untied and the nerves are free, and what is the result? A fretful answer to a question asked by a member of the household, inattention to one's duties because the head and the eyes ache so "they are almost killing me," and then, too often there follows the resort to a stimulant of some kind. The tears come to the eyes very easily, the

feelings are supersensitive, and all because hurry and fret have made of a healthy girl a wretched bundle of nerves and nothing else. Patience is asked from everybody. The tiny girl must be quiet so that "mamma may get over her headache." The healthy boy is asked to walk quietly because "your sister has done so much that she is trying to rest," and the whole household is under nerve-rule. What can be done? One can advise quieter methods, plenty of fresh air and a nourishing diet, but the nervous girl is apt to be very positive, for she counts herself a deep thinker, and advice is the last thing she wishes to hear or to follow. The end of it all? You can see it. There are quite enough nervous girls and nervous middle-aged women now. It is, alas, only too easy to picture what they will be when they are veritable old ladies.

THE QUESTION ASKED

"But," says one of my girls, "don't you want us to be intelligent? Don't you want us to know something, and don't you want us to enjoy ourselves?" Certainly I do, but I want you to do it as a woman should, and not after the fashion of a locomotive attached to a fast train, and which must keep up its record. Look at our English cousins; they study one thing and know it well. These women who attempt so much are usually entirely

superficial because they cannot possibly learn one thing well when they are attempting so much. Then, too, about work. There is a perfect craze among young women to leave their homes and go out to work in the outside world. When this is necessary it is all right, but in many cases it is not necessary. There is work to do at home, and the foolish girl does not see the value of her home work, but with every nerve at a tangent, with her heart throbbing so rapidly she can almost hear it, she rushes out into the big world for work that should not be hers, and which will use her up mentally and physically in a very short time. When the good God was arranging the human pegs into their abiding-places, He did not put the round ones in the square holes, but when a woman rushes away from the work that is laid out for her, she finds that she is wrongly situated, and she wears herself out worrying over this. Then she is old and tired when she should be young and fresh.

Sometimes, even in her home life, the fever of haste comes to her, and I beg of her, for I know her among my girls, to learn to do things quietly. Walk up and down stairs ; make the beds and dust the rooms quietly, and not as if you were being pursued by the demon of unrest, enjoy yourself easily, don't let your nerves get the better of you when you are playing a game. If you dance, don't do it furiously, and, above all things, don't fall into

the sad error of hastening to be married. Learn to know the man to whom you are giving your love, and be sure that each of you will be better in the future because of the time given to your becoming acquainted even after the story of love has been told to you. Physicians say the best prescription for the woman of to-day is more rest and more quiet enjoyment. Try this. Allow yourself to take every day that which is a rest to you.

HOW TO REST

Some girls don't know how to do this. They think rest and sleep synonymous, whereas rest may mean simply change in occupation. It may mean the sitting quiet for a while. It may mean the having a cup of tea, or a bit of bread and butter—the tea being that which does not hurt the nerves, and the bread and butter being that which is healthful and which tastes good. Often you don't eat enough, my dear girl, and you hurry too much when you do eat. Learn to linger over your meals, to talk to your father or mother pleasantly, and so to aid digestion by slow eating and bright conversation. Sometimes the best rest that comes is the sitting in an easy-chair and closing your eyes for ten minutes. Don't be afraid or ashamed of this. It is necessary if you wish to be a well and strong woman. You rest when you don't attempt too

much, for then you do better work. Rest for you may mean reading a pretty story, while for me it may be leaving books and looking out at the green trees for a while. Find out that rest which is best suited to you and permit yourself to have it.

REST IN TALK

That is a pleasant rest. To sit still and listen to the quiet talk of somebody else, somebody who will not require an answer from you—a charitable somebody who will not mind if gradually, as the talk drifts into a monotone, your eyes close and a refreshing sleep of ten minutes comes to you. Generally, talk is work with a nervous girl. She is so eager to show that she is up in everything, so anxious to be considered intelligent and cultured that she forgets that listening is part of conversation, and she degenerates into what is called a great talker. And that means one who absorbs the conversation. But she who is wise, and who finds rest in talk, will listen with intelligence, and once in a while say something worth hearing. But she will not determine to tell all she knows at once, or to drive all other talkers out of the field of conversation. Who has not been tired out by the restless talker—by the one who answers the question you did not ask her while she gives information to someone else who has forgotten more than she ever knew?

WOMEN ONLY IN NAME

Isn't it to be dreaded? The being at thirty-five a nervous, fretful, irritable woman, feared by society at large and a continual source of unhappiness in your own home. This will surely come if you follow the footsteps of the so-called advanced woman of to-day. A desire to know the truth for myself has induced me to look at the women who stand forward as representing the intellectual woman of the times—she who claims to be up in everything, to miss nothing and to be ready to give her opinion at club or society. She is a sad sight to me, because the nervous quickness with which she speaks proves that she is controlled by haste, and that a beautiful, restful, loving old age will be impossible to her. “But,” you ask, “sha’n’t I belong to a benevolent association?” Yes, to one, if you have the time to do the work that you undertake. But one is enough for every woman, and the work itself will be better done if each woman would limit herself to one, and so be able to do her portion thoroughly. Do I object to women speaking in public? I do, most emphatically. With the advanced woman I have no sympathy, and I think the best influence a woman can wield is in her own home, and by the example of her own good and true life. I do not want my girls

to be advanced women. I want them to be healthy, happy, normal women, intelligent, well-read, and above everything else, to understand the art of making those bound by ties of blood cling close to them. I do not think women can be good politicians and good mothers, wives and daughters, too. I do not think that a woman can speak on politics to-night and be interested in having a dainty dinner as a rest for her husband to-morrow night. Our men are, sad as it seems, slaves to money-making, and the least we can do for them is to create a place where the keynote is rest and warmth and love. She who spends her time seeking votes, making speeches and arranging blue books will find it impossible to think out the proper way to perform household duties, to make life pleasant for others, or to build a nest as it should be built if it is to bear in golden letters the name of "Home."

CLUB LIFE AMONG WOMEN

Neither do I approve of the extent to which club life among women has been carried. I do think it charming for women to meet and talk over that which is interesting to each other, but I rather like the old-fashioned way, when all womankind met in the afternoon, some with a bit of fancy-work, some with hands that were resting, and then, as it grew

near supper-time, the husbands and sons appeared, and after supper all had a merry time together. The advanced woman says that was the day of gossip, but I have been the guest of many clubs, and I have never heard at a tea-party as much malicious gossip as I have in these clubs, which, first of all, demand that the members shall be sisters in words as well as in deeds. This sounds positive, but, my dear girl, it is true. The malice and evil speaking that come out in the "society" are just as prominent in the "club," and are, I think, a little more daring. The desire for position is great, and the rivalry to be president or chairman, or whatever the office may be, brings out all the petty faults that the advanced woman affects to scorn, and declares were relegated long ago to the "sewing circle."

WHAT I WOULD LIKE

I would like my girls to do their work as they should, have the pleasures which are theirs by right, but not take on themselves unnecessary work, and above all things, to avoid unnecessary haste. A restful woman is the most gracious of nature's creations. She is the perfect flower of womanhood. But the nervous, quivering, gasping bundle of nerves, the result of too much hurry and too many unnecessary duties, as represented by the advanced

woman, is what I dread, that my girls should become. If you go on an errand, go quietly, steadily, and certainly. If you are exercising, walk evenly and restfully ; do not rush and tear. If you have an opinion to give, don't set your nerves to tingling and your heart to throbbing by the haste with which you utter it. Say what you have to say quietly, slowly, and distinctly. When you are among women don't attempt to talk when everybody else is talking, for then your voice will become that shrill falsetto which is the sign that the nerves are all undone. Do what your hands find to do, but don't reach out and take work that does not belong to you and which was never intended for you. If you make yourself well and strong, you can help the weak, but it is due to those among whom you live that you care for yourself mentally and physically. And be sure that when the good God asks you as to your soul He will also ask you how you have treated the case given for it and which was made in His likeness. Will you think over this and avoid the vice of the day—hurry?



THE GIRL WHO GOES A-VISITING

I AM sure with the pleasant summer days that many an invitation comes to my girls to go a-visiting. I hope that each one may be able to accept, and that her visit may be a succession of bright and happy days worthy to be put down on the book of life as among the golden ones. This result, of course, depends largely on the girl herself. I can see her look at me with doubt as I say this, and yet it is certainly true. People invite others to have a good time, and surely it becomes the duty of the visitor to meet this desire half way and achieve what is wished. Your invitation has come. If it does not state exactly how long your friends wish you to stay, write and ask them, or if you know them sufficiently well set an exact time yourself, so that the housekeeper will understand that you will arrive on a certain day by the four o'clock train, and leave two weeks after on the ten o'clock train. Do not allow anything to change

this plan once it is made, for, my dear girl, it is much better to go away and leave your hostess regretting you than to stay and make her wish that you had gone. To "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest" is her business, and to go away leaving a pleasant impression behind you is yours.

THE DUTY OF THE VISITOR

Now you have started to visit at the house beautiful, and as you go whirling through the country on a fast train you must think over what you are going to do. First of all, you are to be a pleasure and not a trouble to your hostess; your luggage has been checked through, and, like a wise little woman, you will have prepaid for its delivery at the house. Arriving there and being greeted by the various members of the family, you will be taken to the room that is to be yours, and, unless you have a very intimate girl friend there, you will be left alone for a little while so that you may straighten up your belongings, freshen yourself and be ready to meet all the members of the family. I am concluding that you are the girl who has no maid to arrange your affairs and put them in their proper place. Your hostess has very thoughtfully cleared out a cupboard and a chest of drawers for you, and you put away your gowns and underwear with exactly the same care that you would if you

were at home. There is a dainty cover on the dressing-table, and, being a well-bred girl, you will not stain that with perfumery, nor scorch it by being careless with the lamp that heats your curling tongs. You will remember that your first duty is to be as neat as possible in the room which has been dedicated to you. If you are visiting where only one servant is kept you will be wise and kind, if, without being asked, you take care of your own room, so making yourself of as little trouble as possible. It may be that at home you are a bit lazy, but here it is your duty to be perfectly prompt, especially at the breakfast-table, but you must not appear until you know that that meal is ready. A well-bred girl never keeps a table waiting, and never, by word or manner, suggests that at her own home the hours are different, or possibly more convenient. For the time being she is a member of the house in which she is staying, and the member who takes the greatest amount of care in being courteous.

THE TIME TO DISAPPEAR

It always comes—that time when it is wise to leave one's hostess to herself. You may argue and say, "But she asked me to come and see her." So she did, but she didn't ask you to live with her and to be a burden on her hands at all times and hours. Have a bit of fancy-work or a book

to which you can devote your time for a while, and disappear, either on a veranda, to the library if there is one, or, if there is no other place, to your room. This gives your hostess time to arrange her household affairs, to plan out the day, and when she is ready, be sure she will come and seek you. It is possible that you are visiting the daughter of a household, but whether it should be the mother or the daughter the time for disappearing should be observed, because, naturally, each will have duties that need attention. You may be very sure that a judicious absence will be appreciated by whomsoever you may be visiting. But then, too, you must be ready to do whatever your friends may desire, and, my dear girl, show that you are satisfied with the arrangements made for your pleasure.

SOME OF THE MISTAKES

When you are a visitor yourself remember those guests who were joys to you when you were acting as hostess, and those whose visits were a continual misery. In very few households can the general arrangements be so upset that the washing of a visitor's linen can be done in the house, her clothes brushed or her shoes looked after. Now, taking my advice, you will ask your hostess to recommend you a laundress, and if someone in the house does have time enough to do you one or

two little services you must surely pay for them. Remember that you are to be a pleasure and not an expense, and therefore when little jaunts are got up, or outings are arranged, you must take the trouble to find out whether each one is paying for herself, and if that is the arrangement, then insist upon your hostess letting you pay your share. A great many pleasant friends have been lost through lack of thought in regard to money matters, and many women would entertain much more if it were not that the visitors themselves were such a heavy monetary expense.

Another something about which you must not make a mistake is your morning manner ; you must come to the breakfast-table neatly dressed, with your hair properly arranged, greet everybody pleasantly, and, no matter how you may feel, impress your friends with the fact that you are happy. Then, too, try not to see or hear the unpleasant words that are sometimes spoken in the family circle, and religiously close your eyes to whatever is disagreeable, forcing yourself to forget, so that it may be impossible for you ever to go away and speak of that which happened while you were under the roof of someone who had been kind to you.

IN YOUR TRUNK

When you are packing your trunk try and put in it everything that you will need, so that you will not have to borrow from your hostess. You will require the silk or cotton matching your gowns, your needles, scissors, and thimble, and if you are an adept at artistic needlework I would suggest your doing a pretty piece while you are visiting—one that may be left as a souvenir of your visit with your hostess. You must have with you your own brushes, your letter - paper and pens, and when you open your trunk you must put your things in their proper places, giving them the same care which you would if you were going to be in the house a year instead of a week. Besides your clothes there must be some virtues packed in your trunk, virtues that you will take out and use all the time. One is consideration. You will find that a visitor well equipped with this will be much liked. Another is punctuality, that virtue of kings. And still another is neatness, a dainty little virtue specially adapted to young women. Then, too, there is another little virtue which doesn't always have that name given it, but it certainly is one, and that is pleasant small talk. You want to be able among your friends, when you are out, and most especially at the table, to talk pleasantly on subjects that are

not personal, and by making yourself mistress of the art of small talk you will be surprised to find how agreeable you will be considered, and as you do not discuss the affairs of the last establishment where you visited you will make your hostess glad, for she will know that her surroundings and whatever happens in her house will be shown the same respect.

YOUR FRIEND'S FRIEND

Naturally, when it has been decided that you are coming, your friend lets her friends and acquaintances know that she expects you, and she informs them that she will be glad to have them all call on you. Now, it is possible that you may meet one who is particularly attractive to you, whose manner charms you and whose intelligence is a delight to you. The attraction is mutual, but, my dear girl, don't make the mistake of letting this new friend become more to you than the one with whom you are staying. Accept from her only the invitations that include your hostess, and if your new acquaintance should invite you to come and visit her, do not be rude enough to give her part of the time that was intended for your old friend, but if you wish to go to her, and your mother does not object, make your arrangements for the time to be after your first visit is finished. I do not approve of staying at the houses of people whom you have

just met. Such quick friendships are not likely to last.

THE UNDESIRABLE VISITOR

You know her. She appears late and untidy at breakfast, and shows by her listlessness that she is dissatisfied with the food that is set before her. Her room is very untidy, and she annoys the servants by asking favors of them when they are busiest. The children in the house worry her, and she invites people who are strangers to you to pay visits at times that are most inconvenient. When you are going to take her for an outing she is late and appears overdressed. Then she makes one of the girls of the family unhappy by attempting to attract her sweetheart from her and prove how fickle he is. She is never satisfied, and she is always telling you about the place where she stayed last and how differently everything was done. She is surprised that you have your dinner at the hour that you do, and doesn't hesitate to say she isn't hungry at that time. When you have taken a deal of trouble to make the parlor dainty and sweet, and shut out the glaring sun, she elects to write her letters there, and fails to see why you shouldn't prefer the brilliant daylight to stream in at all hours.

She is the guest you certainly are willing to speed. And she is the guest that I do not wish my girls to be like. She doesn't hesitate to borrow your

belongings, she uses your letter - paper, and she never has any stamps, but counts on the men of the family buying them for her. Without speaking to you she invites people to visit her whom you do not wish to know, and she places you in such uncomfortable positions in regard to these people that you wish you had never met her. She tells you that she knows you wish her to feel as if she were at home, and all you can do is to smile very weakly. Nobody wants a visitor to feel that. A visitor should remember that she is not in her own home, and that, while everybody wishes her to enjoy herself, still she has no rights in the household — only those privileges which her hostess grants her, and these she must respect.

This inconsiderate girl is the girl you are not to be.

UNDER THE ROSE

While you are having a pleasant time with your friend you must remember that you are at all times under the rose and that on your lips must be set the seal of silence. When you leave you only remember all the pleasant things, and, being a high-minded girl, you criticise nothing. If, by accident, you have heard a family secret, make yourself forget it, and if you have been present at that most unpleasant of all things, a family quarrel, convince yourself that you are mistaken, if you

remember it. Let all the pleasures and all the lovingkindness stand out before you as boldly as possible, and let everything else be blurred out with the sponge of forgetfulness. I spoke of the family quarrel. If, unfortunately, you should be in the room when such a thing occurs, leave at once if you possibly can, but if not, refuse to give any opinion whatever, and after it is all over do not discuss it with anybody. You must also forget any reference to money matters you may hear, and surely you are too kind-hearted, if you have visited among people who are not wealthy, ever to speak of the economies that you have noticed and which were necessary.

NOT A BIT OF TROUBLE

That was what we all said about a girl who had been visiting us. She was always there when we wanted her, and when, for domestic reasons, we desired to be alone, she had either gone out for a walk or was in her own room amusing herself. She found everything that was done for her very pleasant, and when the time came for her to go, from the mother of the household down to the servants, there was regret. She departed carrying with her a loving invitation to come soon again—an invitation that was direct from the hearts of those who gave it. That is the sort of visitor I

want every one of my girls to be : the one whose coming is a delight, and whose going is a sorrow ; the one who, while she is with us, is a pleasure in the household, and who is spoken of after she has gone as being the very nicest of girls.

Now, won't you try to be the right kind of a visitor ? Won't you think over what I have said and make yourself a joy to your hostess ? Won't you be careful not to talk about disagreeable things, and won't you be more than careful not to criticise anything or anybody ? For being among strangers, you do not know whom you may hurt. Think and act always with the greatest consideration ; be sure then you will have a good time, and when they all say good-by to you it will be with regret, and, of course, that is how you want them to feel.

This little bit of a sermon is given to my girls, not because I believe they would do anything that was wrong wilfully, but because they sometimes forget. I want them to remember, and with the remembrance will come the right action.



THE ART OF TRAVELLING EASILY

FROM all over the country letters come to me from girls who are going to have an outing ; and as almost every one of them has saved the money for her trip by many sacrifices she wants to obtain the greatest possible amount of pleasure from the expenditure of it. Now, she cannot do this unless she knows how to travel, which, by-the-bye, doesn't mean just the buying of a ticket and the going from one place to another, but also means doing it in the most comfortable manner, and the most comfortable manner, curiously enough, is always the easiest. To spend money so that the greatest amount of pleasure and comfort may be got from it is an art, and, oddly enough, an art that is usually well understood by girls who have plenty of money, and not very well understood by those who have not. Personally, I think there is economy in securing a seat in a parlor-car, for then one is comfortably

placed, one is sure of not being near objectionable people, and travel is made so much easier and pleasanter, and, I might add, safer.

MY GIRL'S TRAVELLING DRESS

Of course, it goes without saying that my girl is going to be as neat as a Quakeress when she travels; that her frock will fit her well and easily; that her hat, while it is pretty and becoming, may be brushed, and that it shows neither feathers nor flowers upon it, and that her gloves, the loose, heavy kid ones, have each button firmly buttoned. Her shoes are very tidy, and if they are buttoned ones the row of buttons is unbroken, but if by chance she happens to like for summer-time low tan shoes, her stockings match them, and the strings are tied and warranted not to come undone. A very simple coat, tailor-made, is the wrap which she carries, and which is assumed when there is any draught. A coat is to be preferred to a short cape, for the reason that it covers the arms, and really doesn't give a breath of cold air an opportunity to get close to one.

My girl enters the car with her parlor-car check in her hand, and is very quickly ensconced where she should be; her bag, her shawl-strap, and two or three small packages have all been put about her by whoever has come to bid her good-by, and she

goes off amid good wishes to that city where she knows she will receive a welcome. As soon as the train has got well out she will, being wise, take off her coat, hang it up, remove her hat and put it in the rack, take off her gloves, put them in her coat pocket, and then settle herself comfortably to enjoy the passing panorama, or the book which she has brought with her. She need never have any hesitancy in touching the electric bell and asking the porter where the ladies' toilet-room is, for this is something that the good traveller always finds out. The hours fly by, and being a healthy girl she finds to her astonishment that she is hungry ; she looks at her watch and discovers to her surprise that it is exactly her luncheon hour. It is only a minute's work to put the books aside, and to pick up the small square package done up in white paper and marked "L" in blue pencil. Somebody who was wise, very wise, knew that the average lunch on the train was not only extremely poor, but, for what was given, extremely expensive, and so, for the girl who is going to have a good time, there was a luncheon prepared.

ABOUT HER LUNCHEON

Just here I want to say a word or two to some girls who have rather silly ideas about one's right to economize. These girls smile at the idea of

taking a luncheon, and would rather foolishly spend their money in getting a meal, because they thought it looked the right thing, than in taking a lunch with them. Of course, it may not be possible for you to carry all your meals with you, but this first one you certainly can. To the silly girl I would like to say as an encouragement that the people whom she envies and whom she calls "the best," are always those who look out for their own comfort, provided it does not interfere with that of any one else. That eating one's luncheon from a box should to her suggest poverty is ridiculous ; it suggests, instead, that one is fortunate enough to have home people who look after one's comfort. And it may be added that no people so consistently carry their luncheons with them as do the members of the English aristocracy, whom she so much admires.

WHAT IT MAY CONSIST OF

In the lunch-box, which, by-the-by, is a nice clean white one, there is laid a dainty paper, the kind that confectioners use, in which are four or five delicate sandwiches made of thin bread with the crust cut off, and having spread between them, over the thin scraping of butter, a layer of canned meat, or thin slices of chicken, tongue, or ham, finely minced. Then, wrapped up in another piece of paper are some olives that have

been carefully dried before they were put in the box, and for a dessert there is an apple or a pear, and for a surprise there is a most delightful piece of poundcake. No matter how fond of them you are, do not have an orange put in your box ; they are troublesome to eat and are apt to soil your hands. Your lunch over, and you have eaten it very slowly, you open your travelling bag, take out your own towel, go down to the toilet-room and give a little bath to your face and to your hands. Ask the porter to throw away for you the box in which your lunch was, or, indeed, if you have some still remaining put it and the box back among your belongings, for you don't know what your supper is going to be like. By-the-by, speaking of the porter, I may mention that another economy is to fee him ; I do not mean extravagantly, but moderately, and the fifty cents which you give him, as well as your polite manner, will tend to make him courteous and obliging during the trip.

ABOUT HER TRAVELLING BAG

In your travelling bag are not only the little things that you will need on your journey, but a sufficient number of your belongings for use, in case your baggage should not arrive in time. There is your brush and comb, your whisk, and then you may have two towels, your own soap in

its box and your sponge in its rubber bag. Your toothbrush is carefully wrapped up, and if you wear buttoned shoes your buttoner is in, but if you wear laced ones you have an extra pair of laces in case something should happen to those with which you start out. If you are delicate and in the habit of taking any medicine you will have your medicine bottle with its glass fitted over paper tight over the cork; then there will be your hand-glass, which to save space and to keep from breaking, may be wrapped in one of your towels, and there will also be whatever jewelry you may possess put in a case and very carefully wrapped up; however, if it is very valuable you had better have a chatelaine bag and carry it about your person. And then you have the slippers, either knitted or very soft kid ones, which you will require for night wear.

ABOUT HER SLEEPING TOILETTE.

The wise girl knows that nothing is quite so desirable for wear in the sleeping-car as a wrapper of dark-colored flannel. It may be stated as a positive fact that women who try to make themselves look coquettish in a sleeping-car, and wear elaborate *négligés* or lace-trimmed wrappers, show extremely bad taste. Experience has taught my girl that a wrapper of soft flannel in stripes of

black and blue, made in the simplest fashion, is most useful. When she is ready to go to bed, the porter arranges her berth for her and she goes to the toilet-room, taking with her her shawl-strapped package. She removes her shoes and stockings, puts on the knitted slippers that she has taken out of her bag, removes any garments which she pleases, and assuming her wrapper, which has been folded in her shawl-strap, repairs to her berth. After fastening the buttons of the curtains, she disposes of her clothing as best she can, folding each article smoothly and carefully, and placing her money, watch, and tickets in her wrapper pocket. And then she should try to rest—the porter will call her in good season, and her ticket will not be asked for during the night. In her strap, which shows as its outer wrapping a shawl or travelling rug, she may have her own pillow if she desires it. But this is not a necessity, as the cars are supplied with linen that is usually fresh and clean. In the morning the wise girl will put on her stockings and shoes in bed, leaving the lacing or buttoning of them until later. Then she will assume her other garments and repair to the toilet-room, where she should as expeditiously as possible make herself neat, trim, and fresh, that her friends who are to meet her may not find her dusty, nor travel-stained. This must be done quickly, that she may not be classed among the women who are the dread of all

considerate women on parlor-cars—the women who take and hold possession of the toilet-room as if it were a fort.

ABOUT HER ARRIVAL

If friends are to meet you and entertain you there is nothing for you to trouble about except the finding of them in the great crowd which is likely to be assembled at the station. But if you are going to a hotel it is a little different, and now I want you to take my advice about this. Do not take a strange cab, but the carriage or omnibus that bears the name of the hotel. When you reach the hotel you will be shown to the reception-room; then send word by the servant that you wish to speak to the clerk, giving the servant your card. When the clerk comes tell him, if such is the case, that your rooms were engaged by letter or wire, if not, tell him exactly what you want, and what you wish to pay. Make the matter perfectly business-like. Sometimes it is wise to mention the name of whoever recommended you to the hotel, especially if you are entirely alone. If your trunk has not come up with you give the check for it to the clerk, who will attend to it for you, and I do not think you will have any trouble. In this country women who are alone are respected, and if you are quietly dressed and ladylike in your appearance

men in all stations of life will respect you and show you the deference due your sex.

ABOUT THE HOTEL

The girl who is stopping at a hotel, whether she is alone or in a party, must understand that conspicuous gowning in the dining-room or about the hotel is in extremely bad taste. At a famous hotel in Washington they always conclude that the woman who wears a tea-gown in the dining-room knows nothing about hotel life, and in this they are correct. Your gowns want to fit you well ; they may be as smart as you desire, but they must be quiet, and they must not expose your neck or arms. If you are going out with friends after dinner and wish to wear an elaborate toilette then assume it after dinner. But do not go into the public room dressed in your party frock. Then about service. It is quite true that you are paying for service, but that service has its limits and it does not mean the running of your errands, the attending to your personal affairs, unless you pay extra for it. If you wish a carriage find out directly from the office exactly how much it will cost you, and do not put yourself in the position of having to wrangle over the price. There is probably no better test of a well-bred woman than her appearance and manner in the cars or in a

hotel. She may never have been in such places before, but instinct teaches her that the more quietly she is dressed and the more quiet is her behavior the more certain is she to impress strangers with the fact that she bears the hall mark of gentility.

ABOUT HER ACQUAINTANCES

I mean the acquaintances who, like weeds, spring up by the wayside. Some of my girls tell me about meeting pleasant men in cars, and ask if there is any reason why the acquaintance should not be kept up. Perhaps I am a little positive, but I do not think such acquaintance ought ever to begin. I know that very often courtesies are shown to young women who are travelling alone, courtesies that it is difficult to refuse, but it is usually well to refuse them, inasmuch as all the service required can be gotten from the porter, or is furnished by the car itself. I would suggest most positively that to a service offered, a girl should say a "thank you" that carries in its intonation a quiet hint that no further acquaintance is desired. I do not deny that many times men of good breeding and of honor are desirous of being kind to women who are strangers and alone. But the wolf in sheep's clothing is equally gentle in his manner, and few young women can distinguish

the real from the imitation. Therefore, my dear girl, be satisfied with the friends you have.

Start out determined to have a good time. Put in your travelling bag a great lump of hope; make as little as possible of the troubles and as much as possible of the pleasures, and when you are talking it all over you will say: "I never had such a good time in my life." And maybe somebody who is a bit like me will whisper to you: "It was because you started out with that intention. My girl, one makes or mars most of the pleasures of life oneself. If you are only determined to see nothing but the silver lining it will always appear." God bless every one of you and make you have a happy time wherever you may be.



THE MOTHER OF MY GIRL

SOMETIMES my girl is seven years old, sometimes she is fifteen, sometimes she is eighteen and again she may be any age and yet feel as though she would like to be mothered a little. And when I read her letters I wonder what the mothers all over the world are doing. I wonder if they remember that when the great commandment was given that respect should be shown to parents by their children, it was meant just as certainly that a respect should be shown to children by their parents, and especially by their mothers? Your girl has come into this world endowed with a brain and a heart, and your first duty is to cultivate both. Then she may be sensitive, she may be quick-tempered, she may be nervous, where you are stolid, calm, and equable. Now, my friend, the obligation you owe that girl is a great one. You have got to think out her character and cater to it. I do not mean that you

must give her the privilege of doing what she pleases. I do not mean that in your desire to be a good mother that you must make her selfish ; but you must understand her, and you must be tender and patient with her. One girl may be able to endure what is commonly known as a "good talking to," and be all the better for it ; another girl, given the same treatment, may suffer agony and grow to hate her mother. Possibly you think I am exaggerating, but if you will take the trouble to study your own and other girls, you will find that there is truth in what I say.

THE SENSITIVE GIRL

You who lack all romance, have no imagination, who do not mind hearing the plain unvarnished truth, have been given a daughter who finds her greatest happiness in the world of imagination ; her feelings are easily hurt ; she longs, not only for love, but for the expression of it. The other day when she came up to you, leaned over your shoulder and kissed you gently, you said, "Oh, nonsense!" and gave her a little push. I don't think she will ever try to kiss you again. And yet, in your heart, you were pleased at the kiss, but you had so long thought it foolish to give an outward sign of the inward love that you felt it almost as your duty to act as you did.

Then, when she came in late to dinner, and there was company at the table, you said to her before everybody, "No matter how much you were interested in that book you will have to be on time at this table, or go without your dinner." There was a lump in her throat, and her heart swelled as if it would burst. She couldn't eat anything and then you called her sulky. Now she ought not to have been late, but then you ought not to have reproved her before others. The reprimand should have taken a different form and been given when you and she were alone. Her love for you should have been appealed to, and she ought to have been told how badly it looked for strangers to see her unpunctual, and how it made her mother appear as if she did not train her properly. This girl will either find an intimate friend who will become her confidante, or else she will live along an unhappy life alone, and at the first opportunity that offers leave her home. And you will wonder at her ingratitude and think that because you have fed, clothed, and sheltered her, you have done all that was necessary.

THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

When God gave you that little life He gave it to you that you might train it up in the way it

should go, but He expected that mother-love would make you study the difference between one girl and another, and make you discover the best way to give happiness to your own girl. Sometimes when she gets to be sixteen, you complain that you had hoped to find so much comfort in her, but that she seeks strangers instead of you and finds her greatest pleasure away from you. Think back during the years.

Remember when the child came to you with the story of her joys and you told her you were too busy to listen. Remember when she came into the parlor where you were entertaining friends, and you told her to go out, that grown-up people wanted to talk about things she mustn't listen to. As you did this, why are you surprised that she should be far away from you now? Why should you wonder that her closest friend is not her mother, but some young girl who lives in the neighborhood?

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK

Once, when your girl was very little, she asked to be allowed to choose her own hat. She had the instincts of an artist, and she knew the hat you bought her didn't suit her, but you insisted on her wearing it. Now, why couldn't you have given in to her? If she had chosen something too delicate,

or too expensive, you could have explained to her the reason why it was impossible, and then, between you, something could have been selected that would have pleased both. As it was, your girl went home, looked at herself in the glass and made up her mind she was ugly ; that it didn't make any difference what she did, that nobody cared for her because she was ugly and that nobody ever would. And she suffered as only a sensitive girl can suffer. And I would like to warn you, my friend, that the sins you commit against your children will certainly, either here or hereafter, rise up very black before you.

I know of two women who were told, when they were children, that they were ugly. One of them brooded over it, was hurt by it, never ceased thinking of it, was awkward and shy, until one day, when she was about sixteen, she met a man who loved her and who married her. He laughed at the idea of her being ugly ; he took her to a mirror and showed her a pair of bright eyes, and he told her that her hair was beautiful. She was slender, it is true, and a bit sallow, but a year's travel and a year's love, and a year's constant belief that after all she was not ugly, made her, if not a beautiful, at least an attractive woman, while becoming dresses brought about ease of manner, and the ugly duckling, to everybody's surprise, was counted among the swans. But to this day she

has never forgotten and never ceased to dislike the people who told her she was ugly.

And the other girl? That was a tragedy. She bore the comparison between her and her sister until she was seventeen, and then, unhappy, wretched child, she killed herself. Now don't you think you ought to consider your daughters? You will not hurt them by telling them of any charm they may possess. There is a dear girl of my acquaintance whose quick temper was cured by a wise mother telling her of the beauty of her eyes and of how differently they looked when she was angry.

ABOUT HER RELIGION

There comes a time in every girl's life when the question of right and wrong presents itself to her very positively. She has heard prayers and sermons all her life long, but she has not thought. Suddenly, sometimes from a physical, sometimes from a mental state, she is overcome with the thought of religion, and a desire to do what is right. Just at this time she needs her mother to guide her; she wants that mother to teach her that religion is for every-day use; that it is something in life which has a close relation with the rest of the world, and that it is not merely the going off, either to church or to her room, and throwing herself into a state of ecstasy. Her mother must teach her

that religion is worth nothing unless it makes her more patient, more charitable, more willing to do the work which is at that time her task, and more eager to let faith exemplify itself in beautiful acts. Make your girl understand the beauty of belief, and, if she should cite to you some of the miserable clap-trap that is said against it, tell her of the wise men and women who have been believers and lived noble lives. Don't attempt to argue with her, but give her facts to think over, and try to teach her the advantage of thinking out things for herself. Tell her to seek the privacy of her own room, say a little prayer there, and ask God to make her see life as it is, and to make her live her own as she should. Go with her sometimes and share this quiet little prayer, but always do your best to make her realize that what her life shall be rests with her ; that God and her mother will help, but that she is the one who will have to live through the long years, and that it is she who must decide to live them well. She wants your encouragement ; she wants her faith to be strengthened by yours, and surely you will not deny this to her, but putting your arm about her, you two, mother and daughter, will walk together, helping each other as long as God is pleased that it shall be. It is the mother's place to bear with her patiently, and show this girl, to whom religion has just come as the great motive of life, what it means in life, and, my dear

mother, this can be easily done by setting a good example, and by encouraging your daughter's faith.

ABOUT HER SWEETHEART

Some day your girl blushes and stammers and looks extremely conscious, and if you are her confidante she tells you about the young man who walked home from church with her. The wise mother will take that purely as a matter of course, say that it is very polite in him and ignore the blushes and the shyness. But she will find out about that young man ; and then, when she thinks it proper, she will invite him herself to come into the home. There he will be seen as he is, and time will prove whether he is the real sweetheart, or whether he merely turns out to be one of the pleasant friends which it is always a girl's right to have in her mother's home. Many girls have made bad marriages and foolish ones simply because they never saw the man whom they eventually married except in the house of strangers, at entertainments, or when these two were entirely alone. And no girl ever became thoroughly acquainted with a man in this way. The wise mother will sympathize with her girl in the story of her sweetheart ; will have him around very much with all of them, will make him one of them, so that the girl sees his virtues and his faults, and

has an opportunity to decide whether she loves him well enough to, not only admire the first, but bear with the second. She is a bad mother who makes her girl's small vanity at the admiration shown her by a young man, a subject of ridicule, for at once the girl's heart will close up, and never again will she confide in her mother. I wish, oh so much, that mothers would think of this. Surely, then, more girls would be saved from unhappy marriages and fewer lives would be made wretched forever.

THE GIRL'S VIRTUES

Can you expect your girl to be charitable when in her presence you do not hesitate to talk of your neighbors maliciously? Can you expect your girl to be free from envy when, in a fault-finding way, you compare what you have with that which is possessed by your richer neighbor? Can you expect your girl to be modest when you show no respect for her and think that she need not mind saying or doing anything before her mother? Can you expect your girl to tell the truth, when, to save yourself a little trouble, or because it would involve a long explanation, or for some equally silly reason, you do not hesitate to tell a falsehood? Can you expect your girl to give to you the respect that is due when she hears you laugh and make a jest of your own mother's peculiarities? Can you expect

your girl's religion to be one to live by when she sees that it has no part in your daily life? Can you expect your girl to be a good and noble woman when you are petty and selfish and trifling?

Every day in your life you must remember that you are the living example that your daughter is to follow. Every morning you ought to pray for help to live so well during the day that your daughters will find in you their ideal of the perfect woman. The girl who is happy enough to have her mother represent all that is good, is the girl who cannot but be good herself. So much of it rests with you. I tell you the cry of the children all over the land is for mothers, for thoughtful mothers, loving mothers, and sympathetic mothers. So many girls are hungry for a little love and a little sympathy, and you, who should be so generous with them—you, from whom they have a right to ask so much—you let them starve. Certainly your reward will come to you; there would be no justice if it did not, and knowing this, I beg of you to think of your children, and be mothers, not strangers to them.

IN YOUR OLD AGE

Then it will all come up before you—the mistakes that you have made. And you will realize that not only have you failed in your duty toward God

in not caring for the soul that He trusted to you, but that your sins have come back to you and you are suffering for them. Your daughter cares nothing for you. You lacked interest in her when she was young, and now she is not interested in you. If you live with her she finds you a burden ; she is as far from you as if she were not flesh of your flesh, and you are alone and old, and the consolations of love and gratitude do not come to you. Do you want an old age like that? Do think of it while there is time. Think of it and be to your girl all that you should be, not because of what you look for in the future, but because it is right, and because you want to make your girl happy. Your sons may love, honor, and revere you ; but as the years go on it is your daughter who is closest to you—your woman child. Make her girlhood a happy one, and be sure that when she is a mother she will make other girls happy, and so the good seed will be planted, and from generation to generation the good that you have done will grow like a beautiful green vine until it covers all of the house of life. Your girl can be so much to you even now, and she stretches out her hands so eagerly, asking for affection and sympathy. Surely you cannot refuse to give her the gospel measure, pressed down and running over.



MY SWEETHEART AND I

THAT'S the way I think it ought to be worded. Because, then, the trace of selfishness that suggests itself in "Me and My Sweetheart" is entirely lost. And there can be no real love where selfishness exists. You may smile at this, my dear girl, and think that then there must be very little love in the world; there is only a little bit, but you have a right to your share of it. Your sweetheart and you! I wonder if you know what that means to people whose sweethearts have drifted from them, whose sweethearts have forgotten them, or whose sweethearts have been taken away from them by that inexorable tyrant, Death? The days are long and sunshiny, and the knowledge that you possess a sweetheart, a real one, ought, it seems to me, make your heart dance with delight, every duty become a pleasure, and every pleasure seem tripled.

Perhaps you have known your sweetheart for years, perhaps you have only known him for a few months, but, nevertheless, he has discovered that you are the one woman for him, and the one whom he wishes to have walk beside him all his life, sharing his sorrows and his joys. And you? You are only too glad to be his companion. And thus being of one mind, it becomes necessary that you shall think out what are your duties toward each other, for life is not all love, though, as far as you two are concerned, you may make it so.

MAKE HIM YOUR FRIEND

First of all it is necessary that your sweetheart should be your companion and your affectionate friend, as well as your lover. Indeed, unless you combine these two—the friend and the lover—the love will wear away, and the lover will grow weary. So, it seems good and right that you should think of the things which interest him, and also think out things which ought to interest him, and by pleasant talk make him aware of them. What I mean, my dear girl, is that while the expression of love is right and proper, and that it is quite right that the man who is to be your husband should greet you with a loving kiss and words that tell of his affection for you, still your hold on him will be greater if you make him interested in the books you have

read and the plays you have seen, or if you talk to him about some question which has interested you and about which you have a decided opinion. In this way you will become companionable ; and, let me tell you, that while it is the easiest thing in the world for a young girl to get a sweetheart, it is only by becoming his good friend that she can keep him.

THE MARMALADE OF LOVE

“But,” says some girl who has very independent ways, “why shouldn’t he cater to my ideas ; why should I cater to his?” Oh, my dear, what a mistake you are making. You are not catering to his ideas, you are only doing that which is right and womanly, and endeavoring to keep the love which you have gained. You may discuss nothing more serious than the difference between yellow and brown hair, and your sweetheart may say to you that brown locks are the loveliest in the world, and his eyes may tell you the reason why he thinks so. Then you may defend golden hair the evening through, and when you two part you have had a merry little time, you have made your sweetheart forget the cares of life, and it has been entirely because you talked about something that each was interested in. Another evening it may be a book ; another evening you may let him explain to you all about the politics of the country, and still an-

other happy time you two may build castles in the air about the little home which is to be yours, which you both look forward to as a positive reality. Treat your sweetheart always as a friend ; let him know of the great love that is at your heart, and let it find expression in words once and a while, but remember that a continued expression of it is like the giving of many teaspoonfuls of marmalade—the hungry one will tire of it, and yearn for plain bread and butter. Give plenty of the bread and butter of affectionate friendship, and every now and then add to it a spoonful of marmalade of love.

I like the old-fashioned word “sweethearting.” But it, like all good things, has its written and unwritten laws, which must be strictly observed by the girl who wishes to retain her sweetheart’s respect as well as love. I think the law that must be most closely observed is that of discretion.

SURROUNDED BY YOUR FAMILY

But that one little word, discretion, covers a very wide ground. It means that not only must you be careful in what you say and think, but you must be wise in the giving of good things, and no matter how much your sweetheart may seem to long for your presence, you must not let him have too much of it. When he comes to see

you in the evening let him come where all the rest are, mother and those bad boys, and the other girls—let him come right into your home-life, see what it is like and how you fill your place; in time your interests will become his. You hang your head when I say this—you think you would rather see him alone; well, it is not such a long time since mother was a girl herself, and she will manage, before he goes, that you shall have fifteen minutes, or half an hour, to talk over with him whatever seems of most importance to you. That half-hour will appear more to both of you than all the rest of the evening, but do you think it would have been counted so valuable if you two had been alone all the time?

It is possible that your sweetheart is going to escort you to a concert; then let him take you from the very midst of your family, your mother wishing that you may have a good time, and, my dear girl, if he always thinks of you as surrounded by care and consideration, his self-respect, when he is honored with the charge of you, will keep him from doing or saying anything that would not be done or said in the home nest.

SMALL COURTESIES OF LIFE

It is possible that your sweetheart may never have had any sisters to tell him of the little things

that annoy women, and that he has never before cared enough for a girl to give her the right to make known to him what she thinks are odd little ways. Once or twice he has caught you by the arm in getting through a crowd, or when you were walking together in the evening; naturally you did not like that. Well, tell him so, but don't draw your arm away and be cross about it; instead, look him right straight in the face, and say: "Dear boy, I would so much rather lean on you than have you lean on me." Then slip your hand where it belongs, under his left arm, close to his heart. Suppose your sweetheart should incline to scarfs you don't admire. I once heard a girl tell a man she hated him because he wore a pale blue scarf. You needn't be as positive as that, but you can suggest to him that as a blonde he always looks better in an all-black scarf, while as a brunette he can wear the white ones all day and put on the black ones for very formal occasions. Men are very much what women make them, and it is the easiest thing in the world to teach your sweetheart how to act and dress according to the social laws, and he will never dream that he is being taught, but will believe that every suggestion has emanated from his own brain. Let him understand that he is never to be anything but respectful and considerate of your family,

and make this an unwritten law by showing respect and consideration for his.

Never permit him to gossip over the affairs of his family with you. Their secrets are not yours, and you have no right to know them. If something is forced upon you, make up your mind to think the best of it. This is something you will never regret. Don't let your sweetheart, because you have told him you love him, neglect any of the little courtesies about which you were so careful before he had gotten this confession of your love. Set nothing down to lack of thought, but giving proper thought to all small politenesses yourself, exact the same from him. Never let that meanest of all things, jealousy, enter your heart. If the man is worth your love, if you have promised to trust and believe in him, you are wronging him when you permit suspicion to come to you, and it will injure you in every way. If, before you told him your love, you had not thought out whether the love he offered you was a good and true one, then it is possible you deserve to suffer from your carelessness, but if you believe in your sweetheart you are insulting him when you let yourself become a prey to jealousy. Politeness is one of the cardinal virtues, and its great value is never so much appreciated as when every one of its laws observed between people who care

for each other. A slighting word, a rude gesture, or an impolite action has done more to break love than all the unfaithfulness or change of heart that ever existed. A great break can be healed, but a thousand little ones can only result in total destruction. I call on you, if you want to retain your sweetheart, to remember this.

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY

It is undoubtedly pleasant to receive presents from those we love, and usually a girl's sweetheart enjoys giving to her. But many a young man has, because of his love, been more generous than just, by giving the girl he loved gifts that he could not afford. For this reason the wise maiden will refuse to accept, even from her sweetheart, gifts of great value, and when she comes to know all his affairs she may show greater wisdom by refusing to take anything of greater worth than a flower or a few sweets. Every girl loves a pretty ring, and for this reason many a man has gone into debt to give to the girl of his heart a diamond ring, which he could not afford, but which she seemed to yearn for. Personally, I think it in much better taste for a girl to have a very simple engagement ring, a gold loveknot or a blue enamelled one being really more appropriate for the engagement than a ring set with precious stones. There is a certain vulgarity in the wearing of jewels by young girls, and

that it is an engagement ring does not excuse the assumption of an enormous diamond. A ring which has some sentiment attached to it, or one that has its own story for two, is a thousand times more to be desired than the kind of ring that can be bought by anybody. Certainly you do not want to begin your engagement with, as its souvenir, a ring that has caused your sweetheart to assume a debt, for that would be a very bad commencement.

If your sweetheart is away from you it goes without saying that you will write to each other. Now, I do not want to start a grain of suspicion in your mind, but I must say : do not write to him everything you would say. Men are proverbially careless, and you do not know whose eyes may rest upon your letters, and strangers might find in them a source of amusement that would be extremely mortifying to you. Then, too, while you may give your sweetheart, for his own special pleasure, one picture, do not let him decorate his rooms with innumerable photographs of you for strangers' eyes to rest upon and strangers' lips to criticise. Frenchmen say that if you are looking for the woman a man loves you will not find her picture in his room ; that though there may be pictures of many other women there, the woman of his heart cannot be found. It is the woman who is not there whom he loves.

ABOUT YOUR RELIGION

Sometimes you tell me that you and your sweetheart get into heated religious discussions. If I were you I wouldn't do this. No man was ever convinced of the beauty of religion by argument. You must make your faith a living one to impress your lover with its beauty and worth. Your religion must show itself in your every-day life, and by your works he will know how great and beautiful a thing it is. I do not think that happy marriages ensue when people have exactly opposite opinions, and very decided ones, about their beliefs, and for that reason I should not advise your acceptance of a man whose faith is different from your own. Many a girl will tell you that she knows of such marriages, but a happy marriage presupposes similarity of thought about matters of great importance, and certainly one's religion is the most important. Faiths in which people have been born and educated mean much to them, and a house divided against itself is certain to fall. Into the religious question about you and your sweetheart comes the consideration due to your father and mother, and I must say, in answer to many of my girls, that I cannot advise them to marry against the wishes of their parents. I believe that if a girl will tell her father that she be-

lieves she loves a certain man, and will ask why he objects to him, that she will be made to understand it all. Fathers are reasonable creatures, especially where the happiness of their daughters is concerned, for we all know that, though they may have a certain pride in their sons, it is their daughters who always get closest to their hearts.

A TINY SERMON

To the girl who has a sweetheart I would say be as careful of your love as if it were the most fragile china, and do not let it ever be nicked in any way, for you want nothing less than a perfect love. This may be yours if you will guard your love. Your love may be as ideal as you please, and yet, because love itself is above the mere things of earth, it can yet govern your life practically, so that, for dear love's sake, the unkind word will not be spoken, and the cruel thought will never enter your heart. Sometimes, for dear love's sake, we suffer, but the love itself is so well worth having, that one can endure the pain. To you and your sweetheart I say be faithful, be true, be loving, have a great affection for the friend, with the great love that goes to the sweetheart, and you will attain that perfect union which, on the day when you two become one, will show itself in your lover's face, and the lookers-on will know that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."



THE MANTLE OF CHARITY

IT is the one garment the fashion of which never changes. The years may go and come, and yet she who cloaks herself in this mantle is at once happy herself and the giver of happiness. In cut it never alters. It is always large and full, so that it can envelop those who are unhappy and give them warmth and comfort. Like the cloak worn by the prince in the fairy tale, it is invisible to all but those whose eyes are made clear by faith. It is the garment that I would like my girls to wear. It is true that much patience and much self-denial are required before this cloak is put on, as it should be, for all time ; but once assumed, the amount of joy to be gotten from it, and the happy heart-beats to the wearers of it, cannot possibly be overestimated.

UNDER THE GOOD CLOAK

It is almost impossible for you to listen to unkind words, yet I want to tell you of the different methods of repelling gossip should it come to you. This kind of chatter, which isn't always evil, is, unfortunately, the beginning of that gossip which in time drifts into being malicious, and induces the speakers to think that a clever thing, even if it is bitter and sarcastic, is right and proper to say. Now, you who are bright and merry can stop this sort of talk very quickly, and the best way is by showing not only an absolute indifference to it, but by being so quiet that your stillness attracts attention ; then it will soon dawn upon the talkers that your silence means scorn.

“But,” says my bright girl, “suppose they are saying disagreeable things of my friend?” Then, of course, you must defend her, but be careful in your defence. Make it a quiet and reasonable one, and not an excited defence that is without argument, and which only tells how much you care for the friend against whom the disagreeable words are being said. Sometimes, more is the pity, the truth is told, but told in a hard, unkind way. Then, if I were you, I should say, “That is true, but this girl is my friend, and I, for one, would rather not hear it. Suppose we

all think of the worst about ourselves and how an account of it would sound if it were told." In the presence of scandal-mongers take under your mantle of charity all those people whom you can defend, and show your contempt for evil-speakers by defending the right if you can ; or by keeping perfectly quiet.

FOR EVERY-DAY USE

Not just for festive occasions. For your cloak must be worn all the time, and your charity must be not only of words and deeds, but of looks. A pleasant smile will sometimes make a great many people feel happy when before they were all, as the children say, "as cross as sticks." Charity really means consideration. When you go into the breakfast-room you may wonder that your mother is quiet and seems a little troubled and not very much interested in the idle talk of the children. Be sure that to mother's brain come many worries and frets ; she has to think out the arrangement of the household ; she has to consider how best the limited sum of money can be disposed of, and so you must bring to her presence all the consideration you can, and try and lift at least some of the burdens from her shoulders.

You are employed in an office ; you may find your superior a little irritable, inclined to be fault-

finding and showing himself anything but pleased at the morning events. Go along and do your work properly and exactly ; when spoken to answer pleasantly ; do what is absolutely right, and if fault is found with you you can afford to forgive it because you know that time will prove all things. While you have a minute to think, remember that you sit at your desk or your typewriter, and when the end of the week comes draw your salary, and the only responsibility on your shoulders is to do good work, whereas your employer has to study the needs of the market, has to submit to being a loser when the days are dull, and bears on his shoulders the burden of many of you who simply do your work and draw your salaries. Charity toward employers is, according to the newspapers, out of fashion, but I like to think that my girls know how valuable it is in its use toward every one with whom they may come in contact.

THE ONE WHO NEEDS

To most people charity represents giving. In reality it means as well the giving of kindly words, of material help, or whatever may at times be needed. Many young women think that the giving of a little money here and there constitutes all the acts of charity they need to perform. Now, giving, from a charitable stand-point, is utterly

worthless unless it is accompanied by self-denial. Therefore, make the purse of good gifts one well-filled with acts of renunciation. It is not difficult to deny one's self a little pleasure that somebody else may be made happy, and I wish very much that some of my girls could know how, in the working world, there are girls to-day who are busy and happy all the time, and yet whose earnings go to help some one who is close to them, or to make a home for one of their own who needs it. How easy ought it to be, then, for you to deny yourself the box of sweets, the gay trip, or even another bright ribbon, that some one else may be made happy. You ask to whom shall you give. First of all to those of your own family who need. If this were done as it should be there would be very few poor in the world. Then you can extend your charity, and you will not have to go far to seek objects for it, as you will certainly find them, if you inquire, close at hand.

GIVE WHAT YOU CAN

If you do not have the luxuries of life, if you do not handle much money, you can still give and give lavishly, because you can give of your kind. The half-day spent in helping your pretty cousin to make her gown, the hour devoted to reading to some one whose eyes are not quite as strong

as they used to be, and the cheerful visit paid to some one who is ill—all these are acts of charity that will stand out like golden stars opposite your name on the judgment-book. The girl who wonders listlessly what in the world she can do to help anybody need only open her eyes very wide and she will quickly discover. In every family, in every neighborhood, there is work of this kind to do, and while it would not be called charity work, still it is that, for charity pitieth much. A few cheerful visits, a few kindly actions, and a few cheerful words are worth more than all the pennies that were ever collected for the heathen. For we have so many heathen at home, and the best way to reform them is by example.

ANOTHER FORM OF CHARITY

That is consideration for the young and the awkward. The young girl or boy may not know just the fork that it is proper to use to eat some special dish with, and you are doing a kindly act when you quickly pick up yours and so end the embarrassment. That other boy who in the parlor dance or the game always seems to knock things over and to make everybody conscious of his arms and feet, can, by a little care on the part of the considerate girl, be guided in such a way that he will become a pleasure rather than a horror, and

remembering, after his departure, how easy it was to be graceful, he will think over and take to heart the lesson so gently given to him. I tell you, my dear girl, there can be no happy life without charity, and you not only want to pray for it day and night, but you should practise it so persistently that it becomes part of yourself. When you hear somebody say, "I like that girl, you never hear her say anything disagreeable, and she always makes people feel comfortable," conclude that that girl has simply learned the beauty of charity, and assuming its mantle has taken under its shelter those who were shy, who were troubled, or in pain. I do not think a charitable girl reminds people of the follies that have brought about certain results, but while she tries to cure the pain, and eventually succeeds, she lets the sufferer think out for herself how it all came about, and how a pleasant folly was succeeded by much sorrow.

Nobody who makes a mistake likes to be told that they were warned about it before. The "I-told-you-so" habit is one that is more uncharitable than almost any other, because it is unprovoked. Your friend undoubtedly thought that she was doing right, and when she makes a mistake it becomes your place not to remind her of what led up to it. She has learned her lesson sadly and sorrowfully. The harsh method of treating her suffering, of tearing her wound apart

and pouring acid upon it, is not that which Christ would have commended.

THE WAYS OF CHARITY

Many hundred years ago the God-Man said that only those who were without sin should dare throw a stone at a sinner. So you who are going to walk in the ways of charity must learn, first of all, to control your tongue. You have no right to judge any human being. You know nothing of the temptation, you know nothing of the temperament that made it so easy to yield, and you do not know what the motive was when the poor sinner first started to do what afterward turned out to be all wrong. You know that she told a lie. You don't know what she told that lie for. That it was wrong nobody can doubt. Maybe it was told to hide poverty; maybe it was told to protect some one else; maybe it was told without thought. Nothing can make it right. But be a little charitable in your judgment. Try and put yourself in that girl's place, and if you succeed in doing that you will be surprised to discover that under the same circumstances you would probably have done much worse.

Sometimes people are branded with sins that they do not commit; but the world accuses them and the uncharitable stand afar off and condemn,

and the noise of that sin is heard far and wide, and there is no one to speak. Immediately under my own eye something happened not long ago that proved how utterly foolish it was to judge people without proof, and, indeed, how sinful it was to judge them at all. A young woman at a watering-place lost a brooch; she declared it was stolen, and insisted that she believed it to have been taken, not by some of the servants, but by some of the young girls in the house who had frequently visited her room and admired her jewels. She did not openly accuse these girls, but whispered her accusation until three of them found themselves almost ostracized. She went away, and after her departure one of these girls appeared, wearing, as it was said, the stolen pin. This was house gossip for a week, and at the end of that time a woman declared her intention to speak to the girl. She asked her where she got the pin. The girl told her it had been sent to her by her father for a birthday gift. She was then told that it was believed that she was a thief. Her father was telegraphed for, and when he discovered the state of affairs he had a detective brought. While a close search was being made a letter arrived from the woman who had lost the pin. In it she said: "I forgot to tell you, but three weeks ago I found my brooch hidden away among some lace just where I had put it

myself. Of course, it wasn't stolen, and I am sorry anything was said about it." It was a little late to be sorry, for the girl who had been accused of being a thief was lying ill with a fever brought on by excitement, and the other two girls were both ill with nervous attacks. Surely no one in that house wore the mantle of charity, for there hadn't been a woman to defend those girls, and almost everyone had, without a thought, condemned them. The ways of charity are broad, making one think well before speaking, and always giving to the one accused the benefit of the doubt.

ANOTHER WAY OF CHARITY

You think the way to Heaven requires the walking over a certain path of belief. Your neighbor believes that it is approached by another, and her neighbor by still another. You all have faith in the same great truths and only differ in a few forms. Yet, if a discussion should arise, one would think from the way you speak that your neighbor worshipped graven idols, and that into her religion there came nothing that was beautiful, or good, or lovely. You bitterly condemn her ideas in regard to music, or whether she should kneel or stand when praying to the good God, and you wonder how in the world she can expect a happy hereafter when she doesn't elect to

follow certain ceremonies here. Now, judge yourself. What must God think of you? He said that in His Father's house there were many mansions. May there not be many paths leading to them? And you who claim to be upon the right one, so far forget the very first of the virtues of pure religion, charity, that you condemn your neighbor. She goes along her way pouring oil upon the wounds of the sick, giving drink to those who thirst and a helping hand to whoever may need it, while you do not hesitate to say that her way is wrong. I don't like to think that any one of my girls is like this, and yet youth is inclined to be severe.

Charity should pervade the whole of life, just as the fresh odor of the trees fills the air with a thousand sweet scents. It should make the words that you say better, the deeds that you do worthier, and so permeate every act of your life that to the world at large you yourself seem an outward sign of goodness and kindness. Truly it is a beautiful thing, the possession of this virtue. Faith and hope stand beside it, but lo, it is the greatest of all. You and I will pray for it, so that life may become more beautiful.



THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF A GIRL

BEAUTY of body and face, which is much to be desired, constitutes a letter of introduction to the people one meets, but does nothing beyond that. A woman who seems to be beautiful may become absolutely ugly by showing herself to be ill-tempered, vain, or malicious. Wrinkles upon the face are very often the result of bad passions. The mouth, my dear girl, draws down at the corners from malice ; the eyes grow small by the lids coming together when one is possessed of a cunning curiosity ; the chin doubles itself from gluttony, and the cheeks incline to fold over when one allows one's self to grow cross and to speak with shrill, high notes. The strain that results from speaking loudly causes the muscles of the throat to over-develop, and makes it look stringy and unfeminine.

So, first of all, she who would be charming must remember that the woman who allows her

temper to control her will not retain one single physical charm. It is said that gluttony and anger will deform a face. The greatest charm—that something which we feel and yet cannot explain, is what is best described as beauty of expression. It delights the eye, but it cannot exist where there are low, sordid feelings, and when encouragement is not given to everything that is high and noble, pure and womanly. After one has cultivated these virtues and made them one's own, then it is necessary to study the physical side of life. Fortunately you are starting out in life with no inherited disease, and with everything in your favor, therefore what remains for you to do is to learn the laws of life, and to live up to them. The treatment you give your body shows, and so you must take special care of the casket holding that jewel, your soul.

ABOUT YOUR BATH

Your skin and your eyes, my dear girl, constitute the thermometer that tells whether you are well, physically, or not. If your skin has little spots upon it, is dull to look at and feels dry, and your eyes have a glazed appearance, with yellowish whites, then be sure it is time to think whether you are living rightly from the physical stand-point. Now, what does your morning bath amount to? Do you

dab over your face, whirl the cloth around your neck, carefully bathe your hands, and then go out of the bathroom fully satisfied that you are quite clean? There are thousands of girls who consider this all that is necessary, and yet, as the old darky mammy would say, "That's nothing more than a lick and a promise." There are few American houses in which there is not a bathroom, and if one is so unfortunate as to live in a boarding-house where one has not a private bath there will be wisdom in paying a little extra for the privilege of having the bathroom to one's self at a certain hour, and saving this on car fares. My dear girl, I know exactly what this is, and it is not a woman who has never lived in a boarding-house who is talking to you. Therefore, I say take five minutes to yourself and scrub that tub out well with soap and water before you get into it. I do not recommend for any girl in this country a perfectly cold bath. American women are inclined to be nervous and are not over-strong, consequently the wisest thing to do is to plunge into water that is tepid, and which, when one gives one's self a thorough rubbing, will not cause the much-to-be-dreaded cold. This morning bath is taken for cleanliness, and it is the only way, unless, indeed, one stands up and is carefully sponged, by which one can be sure of perfect physical sweetness. Use soap? Plenty of it. But this soap need not be of an expensive

kind, and the wise girl is that one who chooses the simplest quality and that which is not scented. A hot bath, which is desirable at least twice a week, should be taken at night, and the tired girl will be surprised to find not only how restful it is, but how perfectly delicious her own body feels when she lies down and the eyelids gradually fall over the eyes weary of looking all the day long. The cheap napery that is sold makes a good wash-cloth, for you must remember that, while the sponge is desirable in the bath, something more than a sponge is required to make one absolutely clean. By the bye, a light quality of flannel, one combining cotton with wool, is also recommended for a wash-cloth. It is only after one has grown accustomed to the morning bath that one realizes all that it means; how, in the best way, it wakens one up mentally and physically, and starts one out ready to begin the work of another day.

AFTER THE BATH

After you have bathed and dressed yourself, putting on underwear sufficiently warm, but not heavy, arranging your stays so that they are well fitting, but not tight, and having a gown out of which all the dust has been shaken, so that none of it will seek a refuge in your skin, you go to your breakfast. And what do you eat? First of all, oat-

meal, because you have heard it is healthy. Now, oatmeal is good for a big, strong man who is out in the open air a great deal ; for a woman who is not, it, first of all, has a tendency to cause a greasy skin, and in time to upset the digestion. In addition, nine times out of ten oatmeal is not well cooked—it is served in lumps, whereas, when properly boiled, it should be like good rice, each grain being absolutely separate from the other. Then, do you eat the oatmeal properly? More than any other food it requires to be well chewed, or else it will solidify and form an indigestible and heavy lump in the stomach. Physicians say that oatmeal that is swallowed whole is more to be dreaded than meat taken in pieces at a gulp. If you are really fond of a cereal, then choose cracked wheat, which is not as heating as oatmeal, is more easily digested, and is more generally well cooked. That the brawny Scotchman is a wonder of health upon an oatmeal diet is not denied, but he, unlike you, is taking much exercise, and spends nearly all his time in a wonderful, bracing air. After this you elect to have some beefsteak. In the first place that should have been broiled, and the only gravy about it should have been that which comes from the meat itself. And then you ask for a well-done piece. Oh, dear ! There you have made three mistakes. Beef is not fit to eat when it is cooked until the juice is gone out of it and it is dry—in

the way of giving you strength you might as well choose sole-leather for your breakfast dish. It is always possible to ask, if you wish to eat meat in the morning, for an underdone bit and one which has no gravy upon it; but to keep you in good condition I would advise your having as much toast as you care to eat, and instead of meat one or two soft-boiled eggs. You will not find these heavy, and they are nourishing, while at the same time they are helps to one's digestion. It may be taken as a good rule that to keep the complexion in order, while one may eat good things and encourage the appetite, all grease should be avoided, as well as overdone meats and any great quantity of sweets or sauces. If one is inclined to be stout, potatoes and all starchy foods are omitted from the bill of fare, but for the slender woman all foods of this kind are desirable. Your dinner will neither build you up nor make you comfortable unless you eat it properly, and when I say properly, my dear girl, I mean the exact opposite of the way you usually eat yours. You must cultivate eating slowly; then your food will be well chewed, will be easy to digest, and during the time that you have been eating your body will have been resting.

ABOUT YOUR WALKS

Many of the books that I have read giving suggestions about walking, do not hesitate to talk about five miles a day as being proper exercise. Now, there are a great many of us who couldn't walk five miles one day without being laid up for the next. Personally, while I regard walking as good exercise, I think it is more apt to do one good when it is taken either with an object at the end of the walk or in pleasant companionship. Over-quick walking is not good for anybody, and the time to stop walking has been reached before one gets tired. Tennis, golf, and croquet are all healthy out-of-door games, and I advise my girls to indulge in them as far as possible, always with a proviso that their love for the game does not make them stay at the sport too long, nor in their excitement must they allow themselves to be too energetic. As I have never ridden a bicycle I can say very little about it, only I cannot believe that it is wise for one to overdo any good thing, no matter how charming it may seem at first. I wish that all my girls would learn to walk well; good walking means neither to stride nor to hop, but to place the front part of the foot deliberately on the ground, allowing the heel to follow, and then to take a step in proportion to the length of

one's legs. Dancing, when one does not do too much of it, and when it is limited to a well-aired parlor in one's home, is a gentle, desirable exercise. Much good may come from the exercises in a gymnasium, but so many young girls overdo athletics nowadays that I almost fear advising them.

THE VALUE OF RUBBING

The old-time remedy, a thorough rubbing, is now a fashionable one under many names, massage being the usual one. A good rubbing is the best remedy for the tired body ; but that rubbing must be given evenly and quietly, and the patient must not be allowed to talk. To the worn-out girl who cannot sleep a few pennies are well spent when this mode of gaining rest is chosen in preference to opiates. The arms, the back, under the knees, and the forehead should all have even rubbing, made smoother by the hands of the rubber having a little cocoa butter or vaseline upon them. If one is fortunate enough to be with one's own people, then a sister, or, better still, the mother, will be the *masseuse*. In addition to giving one a good rest a rubbing tends to develop the body and to make it more supple. The rubber is advised to cultivate a very even, impressive movement, but while it suggests strength it must not be rough, else sleep or rest will never come, and excitement be the only result.

When the head and eyes are tired a systematic smoothing of the hair, which, of course, must be loosened and have all its pins taken out, is a great relief. The eyes may be rested by being dabbled with hot water—remember, gently dabbled with an old handkerchief, not with cold water, and not rubbed. Rubbing will irritate them, when the soft pressure of a good dabbling will relieve them very much. As soon as there is the slightest evidence of a weakening on the part of the eyes go to a good oculist. Economize as you will, but if you can, keep your eyesight.

ABOUT YOUR MEDICINES

If one is ill it is proper to go to a doctor. And the doctor should be sought at the very beginning of the illness, so that a cure may come sooner. However, there are various little medicines that one may keep among one's belongings for the little troubles that are certain to come, and which are easily cured. For the girl who suffers from indigestion there is to be taken from April until September, whenever it may be needed, for it is not recommended for cold weather, the creamy mixture of sulphur and molasses. This will clear the eyes, make the skin white and firm, and, unless the trouble should be of long standing, put the stomach in good condi-

tion. A good prescription for slight indigestion is the drinking, just before breakfast, of a glass of tepid water, in which a teaspoonful of ordinary table-salt has been dissolved. Then, of course, among your medicines will be—and, by-the-by, it is rather odd to count it a medicine—a rubber bag which will hold plenty of hot water, and which is used to warm your feet, or to draw away the pain from any part of your body which can be soothed by this heat. If you have a slight inclination to rheumatism, keep two small flannel bags filled with coarse salt, and when the pain first comes heat these by putting them in the oven, and then lay them where the pain is worst. As they give a very dry heat they are to be preferred to that which comes from the hot-water bag for either rheumatism or neuralgia. In a small bottle is myrrh, for you will use a few drops of this in the water with which you rinse your mouth, making it taste well and smell sweet. I do not believe in dosing one's self, but there are some simple teas that are good to take, and which every girl should know about, so that she may be permitted to doctor herself for ordinary ailments. Very often the best medicine is a day of rest. I do not mean an idle day; I mean one when one deliberately goes to bed, if possible sleeping most of the time, but at least not talking, and certainly, as far as possible, not thinking about one's worries.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

I want my girls to understand thoroughly the close relation that exists between the mind and the body. With the body uncared for it does not seem as if the mind could be in good order. And surely, when one has bad thoughts and bad manners the body will cease to be beautiful. The best motto for you to take in regard to your body is "Be clean."

Many of us are unhappily handicapped from birth by ill-health. Then all that we can do is to try and keep as well as possible, and to determine that the weakness of the body shall not be reflected upon the mind. When "one's back is bad and one's legs are queer," then to make an effort to forget this and to fill the mind so full of cheerfulness that the looker-on will believe one beautiful is the greatest heroism. My dear girl, take care of yourself; try and keep well and cheerful. Few people die from overwork. Many lose their good looks from idleness and sulkiness. It is said that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Now, you and I are not anxious to do either in a hurry, but we will join hands and resolve that, being happy, healthy, and wise, we will make ourselves, physically and mentally, a joy to all those who love us, or whom we love.



A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

THAT'S what you are, you and I. We have come to this great city to earn our bread and butter, and the people we loved and who loved us, the people who had kindly thoughts of us, the people who were interested in our hopes, our joys, and our sorrows, are all left behind. And we are facing a new world. Now, how shall we do it? Shall we perform our tasks indifferently, returning home to mope and be unhappy, and refusing to find anything good in life because the dwellers in this new land do not put out the hand of good-fellowship? If that is what we intend doing, you and I, we may as well make up our minds that we will remain strangers forever. There is an old-fashioned song that says, "'Tis home where the heart is," and you and I must remember that we can carry home in our hearts and find it wherever we are if we will only remember that God is in his Heaven, and that all goes well on earth.

IN GOOD SOCIETY

Surely we need not count ourselves as among the dwellers in tents when we can build a beautiful mansion in which love and friendship may be enshrined. You who are without hope say to me, "We are two strange girls who are working to earn our bread, and who live in a small room in a boarding-house. How can we get into society—no one wants to know us?" Now I, who am a bit hopeful, laugh at you and answer, "There is every reason why people should want to know us. We are bright in wit and we are healthy in body. These things make us agreeable companions. Then," I continue, "call up some of your honest pride, and remember that 'where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table,' consequently that where you and I are is good society."

In the first place it isn't wise to solidify one's self into an ice-block and refuse to know anybody. In finding the flowers one must come across some weeds. To make pleasant acquaintances you and I will have to go through some experiences that are probably not quite pleasant. In the office where I work there is a pretty girl, who, after twenty-four hours of acquaintance with me, declares that she never before met anybody for whom she cared so much, is eager to tell me all

her affairs, and insists on introducing me to some of her friends by bringing them to our boarding-house. She appears, accompanied by a pleasant young man, who, after he has been there a little while, discovers that I have heard of somebody whom he knows well—this world is a very small place—and so he goes on to talk about his friend to me, and the girl who was going to love me forever becomes sulky and disagreeable, insists on going home, and the next morning at the office declines to speak to me, on the ground that I tried to attract one of her admirers. Now, that was the wrong way. I ought to have waited a week at least, three months certainly, before I allowed myself to believe that this extreme affection, so suddenly born, was real.

FRIENDSHIP WORTH HAVING

You complain that the girl who sits next to you is cold toward you. She says a pleasant good-morning to you, remarks something about the weather, and during the day, if it is in her power, very quietly shows you how the work is done. You complain that she is not sympathetic. Why should she be when she knows nothing at all about you? Gradually the weeks go by, and one evening you find on your desk a couple of tickets for a concert given by some club to which she belongs,

and a little card saying that she hopes you will bring me. We go together, and after the concert is over she introduces her sister, and possibly her brother to us. Perhaps two weeks later we are asked to spend an evening with her, listen to some music, and have a bit of supper. Her home is only a little flat, but her mother is there, and the whole place is fragrant with an essence of hospitality. Months and years may pass, and that girl, though we may become great friends or simply pleasant acquaintances, will never be as effusive as the young woman who was in the office with me, but she will, as the friendship grows, prove that her affection is worth having and therefore worth winning. An acquaintance made with great ease is usually dropped in the same rapid way. Time does wither it, and custom proves its undesirability. Do you see what I mean?

AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE

It is so difficult to know how to do what is just right here. Neither you nor I want to sit at the table like disagreeable mummies and say nothing, so what shall we do? I have no trouble in deciding that I prefer to go from the table to a book, and have nothing more than a mere bowing acquaintance with any of the people there. But you, who are a sociable little creature, you, who

wonder what pleasure I find in books, would like to know about the pretty girl who sits opposite to you, and if the young man next her is really in love with her, and whether the young matron at the end of the table makes all her pretty gowns, or if she doesn't how she occupies her time. You, who represent the general woman, want to know your kind, and be of them. You are perfectly right in saying that I, in my love for solitude and books, am different. You become acquainted with the pretty girl; she introduces to you two or three of the young men; you meet the young matron, and at night you are all down in the parlor laughing and having as merry a time as possible. Then, after a while, there comes "the little rift within the lute;" the gossip of the house—there always is one—whispers to you that the matron laughs at your countrified dresses; that the young girl is jealous of you, and that they think there must be something queer about me because I prefer to keep to myself. The gossip in a boarding-house is always dramatic, and she credits people who merely want to be left alone with having some frightful past. You come up to me and cry as if your heart would break, and all I can say to you is, "My dear, it isn't worth it; take the pleasure out of it all as you do the cream from the milk and let the rest go. Sometimes in a boarding-house an acquaintance becomes a friend, but

it is only occasionally that this happens, so regard these people as you do the pleasure of the moment. Get from your intercourse with them all that you can, innocently, and refuse to see or hear the disagreeable side." After we have had a little experience we learn the absolute unstability of sudden friendships, whether made in the office or in the parlor. We know by heartaches and tears shed, by disappointments and facts, that friendship is a plant of very slow growth, and that it must be as tenderly cared for as the finest orchid.

AT THE CHURCH

You have brought from your clergyman at home a letter of introduction to a clergyman in the city. You present it. He is genial and kind and tells you that he must find you some friends among the congregation. You go regularly to church, to Sunday-school, and to prayer-meeting, but at the end of three months you know as many people as you did when you first came. Your clergyman has been to call on you, but you were out; his wife came to visit you, and the same thing happened. You did not take the trouble to tell him that you were busy all day, and so both he and his wife came at the wrong time. You think very black thoughts about ministers who are paid big salaries and pay no attention to their parishioners,

and how different it is with your dear old clergyman at home. Of course it is. A stranger comes to him about once in six months, but to the city clergyman they come every day. He has done his best in trying to see you and in sending his wife to call upon you. You have not returned her call, nor after prayer-meeting have you introduced yourself to her. I begged you to do it, for how else could she possibly know you? One Sunday there was a demand for some helpers at a concert to be given to amuse the boys in a down-town mission. You, who sing, or who play, or who read, or who would even be of some use in taking the tickets, do not volunteer, and yet there was your opportunity to meet pleasant people and to gain some pleasant acquaintances.

You do not speak to the girl who sits next to you in the Bible class because she is dressed fashionably, and you fancy that she is disagreeable and arrogant. Now it may happen that she is just as shy as you are, and that she is only waiting to have a question asked to induce her to say something, but you set your teeth and look disagreeable. My dear girl, fine clothes do not always cover a hard heart, nor shabby clothes a tender one. When you speak as scornfully as you do about "fine clothes and hard hearts" I am surprised at your narrowness alike of heart and brain. I have known people with the meanest

sort of pride who were shabbily dressed, and others who had the tenderest, most loving hearts hidden under rich apparel.

ABOUT OUR MANNERS

You and I think that we know all about good manners, and yet, just as the cut of the gown and the shape of the hat in the big city differ from those worn in the little town, so there are some customs that are different, and if we wish to gain a social position we must notice and imitate them. I may be none the less a clever woman, and yet drink my tea from a cup with my spoon in it; but my cleverness would amount to very little if I did not discover that people generally do not do this. You may be as pretty as possible, but people will forget your prettiness if they see you cutting your asparagus and eating it from a fork rather than from the stalk held in your fingers. These are little things, but the little things that you and I must learn if we wish to be something more than mere strangers.

Then, when in answer to a letter of introduction, somebody who could be of help, socially, to both of us calls on us, leaving a card on which her reception-day is engraved, we make the mistake of returning her visit on some other day only to be told that she is not at home. Now, the wisest

thing to do, as we cannot go upon her day at home, is to write her a pleasant little note, telling her that we are busy women, that we cannot come upon her day at home, and asking if she will permit us to come at some other time. You, who claim to be very independent, say that you will not give in to her in this way. That is ridiculous. She is a woman older than either of us, and respect is due to her for that reason if for no other. Then, too, we have sought her in presenting the letter, and if we wish to continue the acquaintance and to gain her friendship, we must make it plain to her just how we are situated. Being a kindly woman she asks us to come and have a cup of tea on the home day, Sunday, or else she invites us on some special evening, and then we become acquainted with her. So you see our manners in regard to cards and letters, as well as at the table, have much to do with our gaining friends.

A FALSE PRIDE

You say you are sensitive. I say you are foolish. When any one seems to overlook you, you claim it is because you are earning your living. Now I insist that that has nothing to do with it. It is because there is something in you that doesn't attract this person. People are liked socially for what they are and what they can give and not for

what they do. When I say "give" I do not mean in its ordinary sense, but I do mean in the sense of being generous with pleasant words, and by showing an interest in whatever is going on. You have the wrong kind of pride about your work. You say, with a curl of the lip and a toss of the head, to some one who has just been introduced to you, and who it is most likely will be only a five minutes' acquaintance, "Oh, I am a working-woman." Now, that is none of her or his business. Strangers are not interested in it, and you have no right to thrust your private affairs upon them. It is quite as vulgar to talk continually of one's poverty as it is to flaunt one's riches, and indeed, sometimes I think it is the more vulgar of the two.

FOR YOU AND ME

So for you and me, who are "strangers in a strange land," there are many things concerning which we must be careful if we wish to gain and to keep a social position. First of all we must be careful in making friends, and I think it is always wise to beware of the new acquaintance who is over-familiar and over-confidential. Then, too, we must take advantage of what we can bring from home, that is, the letter of introduction to the clergyman, and to the various ladies who may

be friends of long ago of our home people. Then, too, we must remember that there is no letter of introduction equal to a pleasant manner, and no way to keep a friend so certainly as to refuse to listen to disagreeable things about her. It is possible that we may be misunderstood. People are in too much of a hurry to read carefully every life book, but we can try to do what is right, be honorable and true, and our friends will last and prove worth having.

I am only going to say to you one word about making the acquaintance of young men, and I am going to speak very plainly. Let these friends come through the women you meet, for then you will be more certain of their being proper men for you to know than if you yourself had met them in a casual manner. I think if we try, you and I, in a quiet way and without expecting to gain everything at once, we will make for ourselves a pleasant circle of acquaintances, from among whom we can cull two or three friends. Surely this would be good fortune, and having achieved this, which will, of course, take some time, we shall be in positions to put out our hands and help some other girl who is "a stranger in a strange land," remembering the day when we ourselves were strangers.



THE YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST YEAR

VERY many of my girls were last June's brides, and yet they have been loving and kind enough to ask that they may still be on the list to which they belonged before the title of "mistress" was put before their names.

As the days go by it dawns on the mind of the young wife that the man she loves is regarding her no longer as an angel, no longer as a bit of Dresden china, and, just at first, she is surprised. Nobody has told her that the first year of her married life would be the most difficult one. During that time she must learn what it is to be a companion to her husband. She must remember that she has entered into his life, that she must be his comrade through good fortune and through bad, and encourage him to look at the best side of life and always to hope when it is dark for sunshine in the future. The years or months of courtship have not made these two people acquainted with each other. The little bit of temper that was so care-

fully concealed, the habit of saying some hasty little word that was subdued, and the undesirable method of being unpunctual and a bit careless that was hidden—all these are gradually discovered during the first year of one's married life. And no matter how much a wife may suffer (and she certainly will) she must learn to control herself, and to bear as much as possible with her husband's weaknesses. The advanced woman may think that this sounds very weak and not at all progressive. Perhaps it is not, but very certainly it is the only way that one can become a good wife, and a happy one.

HIS LITTLE WAYS

Perhaps the husband you so much love is inclined to be untidy ; to throw a scarf there and a piece of soiled linen here ; to lay a book down where it does not belong, and to leave a pile of photographs in disorder, so that it really requires some trouble to arrange them. Now the wisest thing to do is to say nothing about the careless ways. but after the lord and master has departed to take a little time to put everything back in its place. It is much better to give that time and that little extra work than it would be to find fault, for while the first words of fault-finding might be listened to with a certain amount of

grace, the next might be met with frowns and the next with disagreeable words. And then just as certain will come the first quarrel.

And when two people who love each other quarrel they can say more bitter words to each other than any people in the world. Your husband will go away feeling that you do not care for him; you will cry until your head aches, and all because you refused to take a little bit of trouble. Think of the trouble that he takes for you; think of the many hours when business cares are upon his shoulders about which you know nothing; and thinking of this remember that all he asks of you is to be a good housewife.

THE FIRST QUARREL

It will surely come. Two healthy people are bound to differ about something, and all that I can advise you to do when it does appear is to say that you are sorry and you hope that it will never happen again. No matter if you are in the right, do this. You are in the wrong for quarreling, and you can apologize for that. Be sure that your husband will find out where he was wrong, and after your little request for forgiveness he will make his. Then, when you feel inclined to quarrel the next time, don't do it. Don't set your teeth and close your lips and make up your

mind that you will hold your tongue, but speak. A sullen silence is as bad as a quarrel.

If Jack has found fault with you about something you have left undone tell him you are sorry and you will do better in future. Say this with a laugh, and give a loving kiss after it, and to your surprise no quarrel will follow. If you disagree tell him with a smile to find out, when he is down town, which of you is right, but that you don't intend to have any ugly words about it. If things have gone wrong in the household, and he sees the effect without knowing the cause, tell him the reason why. Don't be afraid of your husband. Don't practise any small deceits with him, and then the kind words and the loving words will take the place of those that lead to unhappiness.

YOUR HUSBAND'S MOTHER

I will not call her your mother-in-law. I like to think that she is your mother in love. She is your husband's mother, and therefore yours, for his people have become your people. There have been vulgar jests, ridiculous songs and coarse puns about the husband's mother ever since any of us can remember, but in how many households is the husband's mother an angel, not in disguise, but appreciated and loved? Now, will you take my advice and call her what your husband does?

Will you treat her just as you do your own mother, not being afraid to tell her of your little affairs, receiving her as one of your own, and making her feel happy in the fact that she has not lost a son but has gained a daughter, and a loving, considerate daughter? Will you remember this, too—that before you came your husband was all in all to his mother? And sometimes when she comes to see you, won't you leave these two alone, and let them talk together as they did before the two became a trio? Don't make it evident that you are doing this, but go off for a little while and attend to some of your household duties. You will be loved all the better for it, and be sure that if anything is said about you the words will only be those of appreciation and love.

Don't make your husband's mother an utter stranger, receiving her in the drawing-room, and changing all your arrangements so that she may be treated exactly as if she were a formal visitor. You do not do it with your own mother. When she pays you a visit she comes up-stairs where you are busy working, and if she feels like giving a helping hand you take it; if not, she chatters and gossips while you are sewing, and both of you have a pleasant morning. If she stays to dine or lunch with you, you may make a little change, putting some special delicacy on the table. Still you do not treat her as you would a visitor from far off

whom you know slightly. And you must not, if wish to retain her love and sympathy, receive your husband's mother in any other way. Listen to her words of advice, think them over, and if you do not believe it is wise to follow them give her your reasons for this. Don't ignore the wisdom that she has gained by experience. Somebody asks, " Shall she be a slave to her husband's people ! " Certainly not. No good, loving woman ever was a slave when she did what was right. But no good, loving woman ever treated the mother that she has gained by marriage in the way that I have seen some mothers treated—mothers who wished to give to their sons' wives exactly the same love and sympathy, to show the same kindness and give the same active help that they have always given to their own daughters.

TO KEEP QUIET

Remember that what you learn about your husband's family is to be kept to yourself ; that when you married him and took his name you became one of the family, and the little trouble, the little skeleton, is not to be discussed with the members of the family of which you were born. To your sister it may mean nothing that some trouble has come to your husband's brother. You may tell it to her in secrecy, and it may seem of so little im-

portance that she will repeat it to her sister-in-law, and gradually what was meant to be a secret is told all round the neighborhood. The art of keeping to yourself what you hear on each side of the house is one that you must cultivate, for it means the keeping of peace. Surely you would not wish to hurt your husband, and yet you will do it if you cannot realize the importance of silence.

When you enter his mother's house anything that is told to you in confidence must be forgotten when you leave it, unless, indeed, it is discussed with your husband, and the same rule will apply to your own family. Don't imagine that every little frown, every little disagreeable word is meant for you, and do not retail to your husband anything unpleasant that may have happened when you were visiting at his mother's house. Think that she is your mother, too, and give her the privilege of speaking to you as your mother does. I know it isn't always easy to have fault found with one when one is trying to do one's best, but think over what was said, if there is anything helpful in it, and let the rest go. Respect your husband's mother as you do your own, and the respect will beget love and confidence as well as happiness for you both, in the new life and the new home.

THE VICE OF CURIOSITY

It is very ignoble, and before you were married you would have been inclined to scorn any one who told you that you would have been curious about the secrets in your husband's family ; that you would have been eager to learn of the trouble that came to one, of the wrong deed of another, or of the mortification to which another member of the family had to submit. Now, my dear girl, crush this desire to know unpleasant things. Make up your mind that you are going to know about each one that which is best, and refuse to let outsiders give you any information about the family into which you have just entered. If some low-minded person (for that is what such person would be) should offer to do this, decline to listen, and if, against your will, an effort is made to tell you, leave the room. At such a time rudeness becomes right. If your husband wishes you to know any of these things, be sure he will tell you.

Put yourself in his place. You haven't told him about the young man who first made love to your sister and then left her ; about the uncle who did something that was not quite honest, or whatever else it may be that is one of the family horrors, and why should you expect him to tell you ? And is it not in-

considerate in you to make an effort to find out those things? My dear girl, don't soil your mind with such knowledge, and don't lower yourself morally by cultivating and encouraging a vile curiosity. Be eager to know the best about your husband's kin. See the best and tell of it, and when they do—these people who bear your husband's name—some kind act, don't forget to tell those from whom you came about it, and never, no matter what may happen, carry an unkind story about your husband's mother to the mother who bore you. If she be wise she would not listen. But sometimes extreme love makes people unwise, and she might forget to reprimand her daughter for talking about things that it would be wiser to forget. Learn to control your ears as well as your tongue; be only eager to hear words of praise rather than words of blame.

A LITTLE THING

Some morning when Jack goes down town there is a perplexed look on his face, and when he kisses you, you think he does it rather as a matter of habit than desire, and like the loving little goose that you are, you go up-stairs and have a hard cry, concluding that your husband has ceased to love you. Now that is all nonsense. If you have been a wise little woman your husband loves

you to-day a thousand times better than he did during the honey-moon. But while he was putting on his coat he remembered some business perplexities, and when he said good-by he was thinking of them. Instead of crying you ought to be glad that he thinks it worth while, in these days when many men are thoughtless, to care to earn comforts and luxuries for you. The kiss does become a habit, but none the less is it a loving habit.

Forget all about the perplexed look on his face, be ready and full of good cheer to meet him when he returns, and in your society let him find such companionship that the down-town troubles will be forgotten, and the worries will be worries no longer, because, after all, the surmounting them means making a home which is a nest of blissful refuge. Don't be afraid to let your husband be familiar with the home. Dress yourself as prettily as you like for dinner, but let him lay aside the business suit and put on a loose jacket, let him don soft slippers, and be as comfortable as he can while he is enjoying his dinner. Let home and you mean rest. I don't mean that he shall forget the word politeness, but I do mean that after the long, toilsome day he shall be permitted to have rest of body and mind. Perhaps he may want to take you out to some place of amusement, perhaps not. If he does, go with

good will and enjoy it, this pleasure that he has provided for you. If not, make yourself happy in your home, and make that home a pleasant place for his friends to come. If you do this he will not seek his friends outside.

Most women forget the value of making friends of their husbands' friends. Possibly there may be one or two whom you dislike with good reason. Don't show this dislike, but after a while tell your husband of the faults or the weaknesses that you have noticed, and you two may either form a band to help the man, or if he thinks it wise, gradually drop his acquaintance. No man wishes his wife to be surrounded by men who are not desirable.

It seems to me that your motto for this first year should be that very old-fashioned one, "Be patient." Be always patient, and in time the fruits of your patience will be a happy home, a loving husband, respect from your friends, and respect and love from all who are united to you by the ties of law and love.



THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S FIRST YEAR

SHE stands beside you a wonderful vision in white satin and orange blossoms, so beautiful that you can find no words in which to express your admiration, and so lovely that it seems as if the English language were not rich enough for you to tell of your love. She seems something too bright and good for every-day life, and as you are promising to care for her you think to yourself how unnecessary is this vow, for caring for such a beautiful object can only be a never-ending delight. She looks so exquisite you wonder if she can possibly belong to ordinary, every-day life, and you think that you must put her on a pedestal and fall down and worship her. Then, for a little while, you are off on an idyllic journey. During that time you have a blissful feeling when you arrange her wraps about her, and you would burden yourself with any number of bundles and

bags if she needed them. And then—and then—you come back to the little nest that is going to be home to you, and you make a wonderful discovery. It is that this marvellous creature, this exquisite being, this dream is, after all, only a woman. If she had been an angel she wouldn't have married you. She is human and therefore she has her weaknesses and her little faults, and these you will have to be introduced to and you will have to have patience with them. You will have to learn to understand her and them during this first year of your married life.

BOTH OF YOU

It is a hard time for both of you. She knows little of the peculiarities of man, and you know nothing of the weaknesses of woman. All during the honey-moon there were kisses and smiles, and pretty words and dainty compliments, and now that you are back home, that you have taken up your business life, that you are indeed living the ordinary life of a man, you forget some of these affectionate acts. You come home in the evening to be greeted by a wife whose eyes are fiery red, whose lip quivers, and who cannot speak without bursting into tears. What is the matter? As you rushed away to catch the car in the morning you forgot to kiss

her good-by and tell her that you hoped she would be happy all the day long. It is a little thing, to be sure, but you trained her to this caress during the honey-moon, and you hurt her feelings when you leave her without a word now. A woman, my friend, is not an angel, but she is a sensitive being who likes to have, as a wife, the expression of affection that you gave her as a sweetheart, and during that happy month after she was a bride.

THE FINDING FAULT

She thinks it is queer that you didn't discover that she possessed all these faults before you married her. And she wonders, as she sits by herself and stares out of the window, why, if she had so many faults, anybody ever cared for her. It is true that the breakfast was very bad. It is also true that she has had four or five cooks within the last two months, but she is trying her very best to get a good one, and she does wish that you would encourage her a little bit in her troubles and not find fault with her all the time, especially this morning when her head aches as if it would split. She could have said some very nasty things to you when you spoke to her, but she tried not to, and then you called her sulky. And she wonders if men ever have headaches as women do. And her back aches, too, and still

she must discharge that cook, who she knows will be impertinent to her. And she wonders what the next one will be like. I think you might have had a little patience with her. It is true your mother's household runs like a perfectly oiled machine, but then your mother has been keeping house for fifty years, and this little girl, who, in her white satin and orange blossoms a couple of months ago, you thought must be an angel, has only been experimenting a short time. Just remember that, physically, women are not as strong as men, and that a headache that makes her eyes burn and a backache that makes her wonder if she can walk upstairs, sometimes come to her, forcing her to be conscious of nothing but her physical misery. It isn't necessary for you to say that you like the bad breakfast, but you can encourage her, and hope that she will soon have a better cook, and you could remind her that these are the early days of her housekeeping. That is where your strength ought to come in. That is the time when you should represent to her, not only her husband, but her helper.

HER LITTLE WAYS

Of course she has them. And it is just possible that some of them may not suit you. But don't you think it would be rather nicer for you to

talk them over quietly with her than show yourself a barbarian and permit your angry passions to rise? If you don't like them tell her the reason why. She is a reasonable creature, and she loves you well enough to prefer to do what you like, if what you like is right. You are a bit set in your ways yourself, but she doesn't find fault with you, and you can keep your handkerchiefs in the top drawer, or in the second one, as you please, and she will not object. But if, for some pretty little idea, she takes all your handkerchiefs and puts them in a perfumed sachet, why need you get so cross with her? And why need you insist upon her having certain things to eat upon certain days? Why need you insist on her liking strange people or saying that she likes them when she does not? She is sweet, and amiable, and loving, and hospitable to all who bear your name, but you can't expect her to be attracted at once by Tom Brown, who is an old friend of yours, but whose manners are extremely brusque, and who greets her with this salutation, "Well, Mrs. Bride, I suppose none of his friends will ever see your husband now." She is anxious for you to keep your friends, and she is hurt when this is said to her, and surely you can't blame her for it. Find out all her little ways and be patient with them when they are little ways that you don't like. And then be sure, for dear love's

sake, she will make her ways your ways, and life will be happier all around.

THAT FILTHY LUCRE

If anybody had told you that you would be stingy to your own wife, you would have cut him dead. And yet, when the summer time passed and the autumn days were over, and the winter bonnets came, it wasn't very nice of you, when she said something about getting a new bonnet, to say, "Why, I thought you had eight or ten bonnets in your trousseau." And I don't think it is very nice in you to ask her to tell you exactly how she spent the household money. A woman, my friend, will economize closely for the man she loves, but that man has no right to conclude that she isn't a partner in the purse. You are wise in giving her a regular sum for her household expenses, but if you are both wise and loving there will be another little purse that you will fill, unasked, for her personal expenses. I say this, and yet the woman I know best said that she never minded asking her husband for money; that she loved him well enough to know that he wouldn't refuse, and that she didn't ask him unless she wanted it. Still, I think if you are a generous-minded man, you will never let your wife ask you for money, and so never

make her feel that what she has is not hers by right. She earns it just as much as you do, for she makes a home for you, and she gives you such happiness as can come from no other woman. Don't do as some men, let a woman make bills all over the town and never give her any money ; but let her learn the value of money by handling it ; let her realize what it means ; let her delight in buying for you, with the money that is hers, something for your birthday, or for Christmas, or to introduce a New Year of love.

YOUR WIFE'S MOTHER

You wish her to love your mother ; then you must show the same kindly feeling to hers. Think it all out, and realize how close a girl is to her mother ; how " my mother " represents consolation and wisdom to her ; how she goes to mother with her grief and her happiness, and remember that you have to be not only husband, but mother, for you must be so tender to her that, with her head on your breast and your arms about her, she will tell her troubles and her worries, her joys and her pleasures, and not only look for, but receive sympathy from you. And then, when her mother is there, be gentle and considerate of her. She has given you her companion and her little helper, and be sure that there has been many a lonely

hour for her since that gay wedding day. So remember that you owe her thanks that must express themselves in a pleasant manner and in courteous speech. None of us can love people at once, but making up our minds to care for them will make affection come, and, best of all, stay. If once in a while your wife should quote her mother, listen to this patiently, for do not forget that, to the good daughter, her mother represented wisdom before she even knew you. Men, my friend, are not thankful enough to mothers.

A PHASE OF TEMPER

She had the headache. When you asked her something she answered with a certain amount of indifference, and you grew silent and sulky. At night, when you came home, she had forgotten all about it ; there was a dainty dinner for you, and a bright, happy-looking wife to greet you, and you were still sulky. You thought it due your dignity to make her comprehend that she could not ignore a speech of yours. What a miserable dignity that is ! I can't imagine it belonging to anybody but a schoolboy, and yet you claim to be a man. She came up to kiss you, and you drew away, and she wondered what was the matter with you. You ate your dinner and seemed to enjoy it, but you didn't speak. After dinner you read the evening

paper. By the next morning your lordship condescended to say a word or two, and the poor little woman was so glad that she cried with delight. And you thought of your own importance, and felt that you had given her a lesson that she deserved. It was like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. You ought to feel mean. It is a great pity that you can't see yourself in a mental looking-glass, that you might realize how mean, and poor, and contemptible you are, and how unmanly it is to take revenge on a woman. It would have been a deal better to say to her that you didn't like the way she spoke to you; then you would have heard the reason for it, and you would have parted with a kiss, and everything would have been all right.

It is never unmanly to speak a loving word, to give expression by kiss, or by gesture, to your affection, and the strongest and the bravest men that have lived were those who did not fear to tell their wives how much they loved them. Many women are hungry for loving words, and they are so easily said! You may argue to yourself that you love her just as much, even if you don't say so. My dear boy, she doesn't know that; she is not a mind-reader, and so you must take just a few minutes every day to make your wife understand that you love your wife better than you ever did your sweetheart.

THE TENDERNESS OF A MAN

That is your best side. When you are manly enough to be womanly, and to be charitable to the physical and mental side of your wife. You laugh with disdain, as is proper, at woman's suffrage; then you must understand that the woman who is not capable of taking the position of a man in the world requires from men a deal of consideration. Perhaps the time will come when the little wife may whisper to you that, with the summer time, there will be somebody else for you to love. Now comes the time for you to show your manliness. You can't possibly know all that that means to her, and when the little baby comes you are not going to be mean enough to be jealous and complain because all your wife's thought and all her love seem to be given to the newcomer. You know why it is? Because in him she sees the picture of you, and though she may appear to regard him as the most important person in the world, in her heart of hearts it is you who have her best love. And you must learn to be very thankful for that little child, for unless your household is peopled with children you won't have a home. Children are needed to make it, and when the years have gone by and the time is growing very near for you to leave this world, you

will find a joy and satisfaction in them that nothing else can give.

HIS FIRST YEAR

It is the most important of all. You are two people who are getting acquainted with each other, and this acquaintance means a friendship for life. You must have, first of all, a good stock of patience. You know little about the ways and weaknesses of women, and you must learn to bear with them. You have promised to love and protect this woman, and you must show that you are a man of your word. You must protect her from your own follies, and you must be man enough not to be afraid to tell her of your love. The spoken word of love means very much to the wife. The kiss of greeting or farewell tells a more loving tale to the wife than it ever did to the sweetheart. You must cultivate, if you wish to make your wife happy, the expression of love. Many a woman has died believing that her husband did not love her, because he thought it unmanly to tell in words or deeds of all the love in his heart. Unmanly? It is manly. It is great and strong to take the woman you love close to you, close to your heart, to make your wife understand that every day brings her nearer to you, every hour makes you love her more, and that you are ten times happier when you think of her as your wife

than when you dreamed of her as your sweetheart. A man is at his best when he loves most. And he is the best husband who makes his wife most thoroughly understand the strength of his love and all that she is to him.



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